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Drawing by JOHN WARD, A.R.A. on board a P & O-Orient Line ship

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Volume CCXLII No. 3140

THE SPHERE

LONDON, August 6, 1960

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With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*

CLEARING OIL-TROUBLED WATERS

In places round the British coast, dismayed holiday-makers find that the beaches are polluted with oil. An ingenious and extensively tested method of sinking the oil before it reaches the resorts was demonstrated last week on a lake at Oakhanger, near Alton, in Hampshire. White powder, known as "Oilsink," was sprayed from an aircraft over oil contained in a canvas raft on the lake. Some oil escaped from the container and spread over the water, but after the aircraft had discharged the powder half a dozen times, the oil disappeared. "Oilsink" was invented by Dr. E. Potratz, of Copenhagen; it has a number of components which absorb the oil and then break it up into particles by increasing its specific gravity, thus causing it to sink into the mud on the sea bed. Oil slicks may be sunk out at sea by spraying from low-flying aircraft. The demonstration was arranged by Sir Bernard Docker's Specialist Business Services (London) Ltd., which holds the exclusive rights of the Danish invention in Great Britain and the Commonwealth

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THE NYASALAND CONFERENCE

From left—Chief Chikumbu, Chief Chinde, Chief Makanjira, Chief Masula, and Chief Katumbi

The process of providing for the constitutional future of Nyasaland began in London last week at Lancaster House. Eighteen politicians from the Protectorate gathered to listen to Mr. Macleod's welcoming remarks. The Secretary of State for the Colonies made a carefully worded speech in the formal atmosphere of the filmed opening ceremony. "We are," he said, "at last raising the barrier which has unfortunately lain for so long across the road of constitutional progress in the territory." Dr Hastings Banda, the leader of the Malawi Congress and the most powerful African figure in Nyasaland, paid a tribute to Mr. Macleod: he admitted that his first intention was to boycott the conference, but because of his faith and confidence in Mr. Macleod, whom he did not wish to embarrass, he had decided to attend. As the conference held its sessions in private, following the public opening ceremony, it became clear that there would be controversies ahead. Mr. J. R. N. Chinyama, one of the two African members of the Nyasaland Legislative Council, attacked the Malawi Congress for alleged intimidations and threats. These were vehemently denied by Mr. Orton Chirwa, vice-president of the Malawi Congress. But the main clash was between Dr. Hastings Banda and the multiracial United Federal Party. The Malawi Congress proposals were for a complete African majority throughout the legislature immediately, with an African-controlled executive. Mr. A. C. W. Dixon, leader of the U.F.P., spoke of the need for a transitional period—"as Africans become trained in the art of government they will naturally participate in government to a far greater degree than at present." Of the five chiefs attending the Conference, it was believed that two supported the Malawi Congress. The two representatives of the Asian community were non-commital during their early speeches

Dr. Hastings Banda, President of the Malawi Congress, and Mr. Orton Chirwa

Sir Robert Armitage, the Governor; Mr. R. B. M. King, Secretary-General

CAMEROON PRESIDENT IN FRANCE

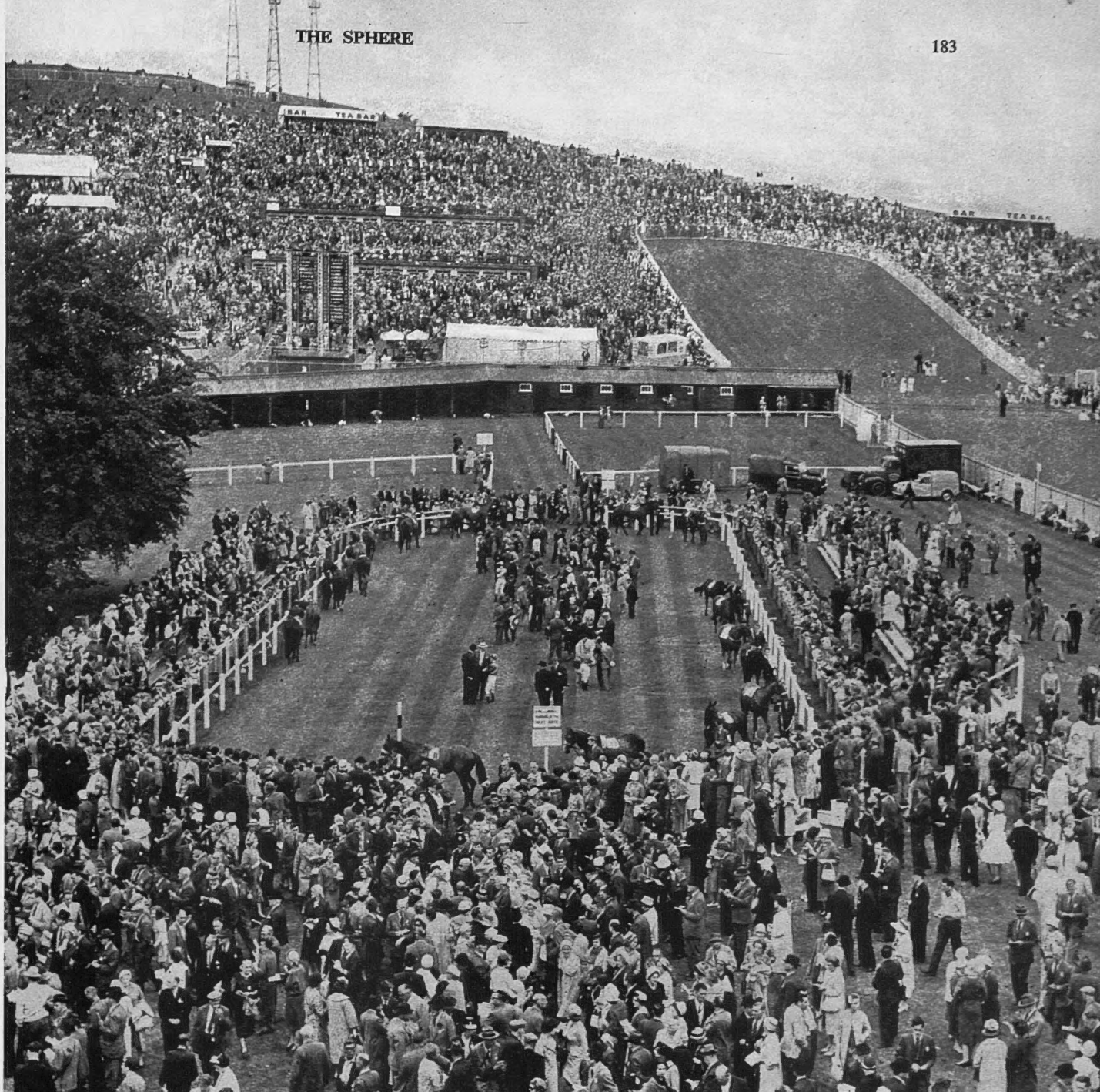
President de Gaulle and President Ahidjo of the Republic of Cameroon review a guard of honour at Orly Airport at the beginning of President Ahidjo's official visit to France. Cameroon, formerly the French Cameroons, became independent at the beginning of this year

Far right: In Hyannis Port, Massachusetts, Mr. Tom Mboya, the Kenyan nationalist leader, makes a Press statement after meeting Mr. John Kennedy, the Democratic candidate for the presidential elections. Left is Mr. Mboya's brother. In a short visit to the United States, Mr. Mboya met Mr. Hammarskjöld for talks and spoke at a conference on African education

MR. MBOYA IN THE U.S.—WITH MR. KENNEDY

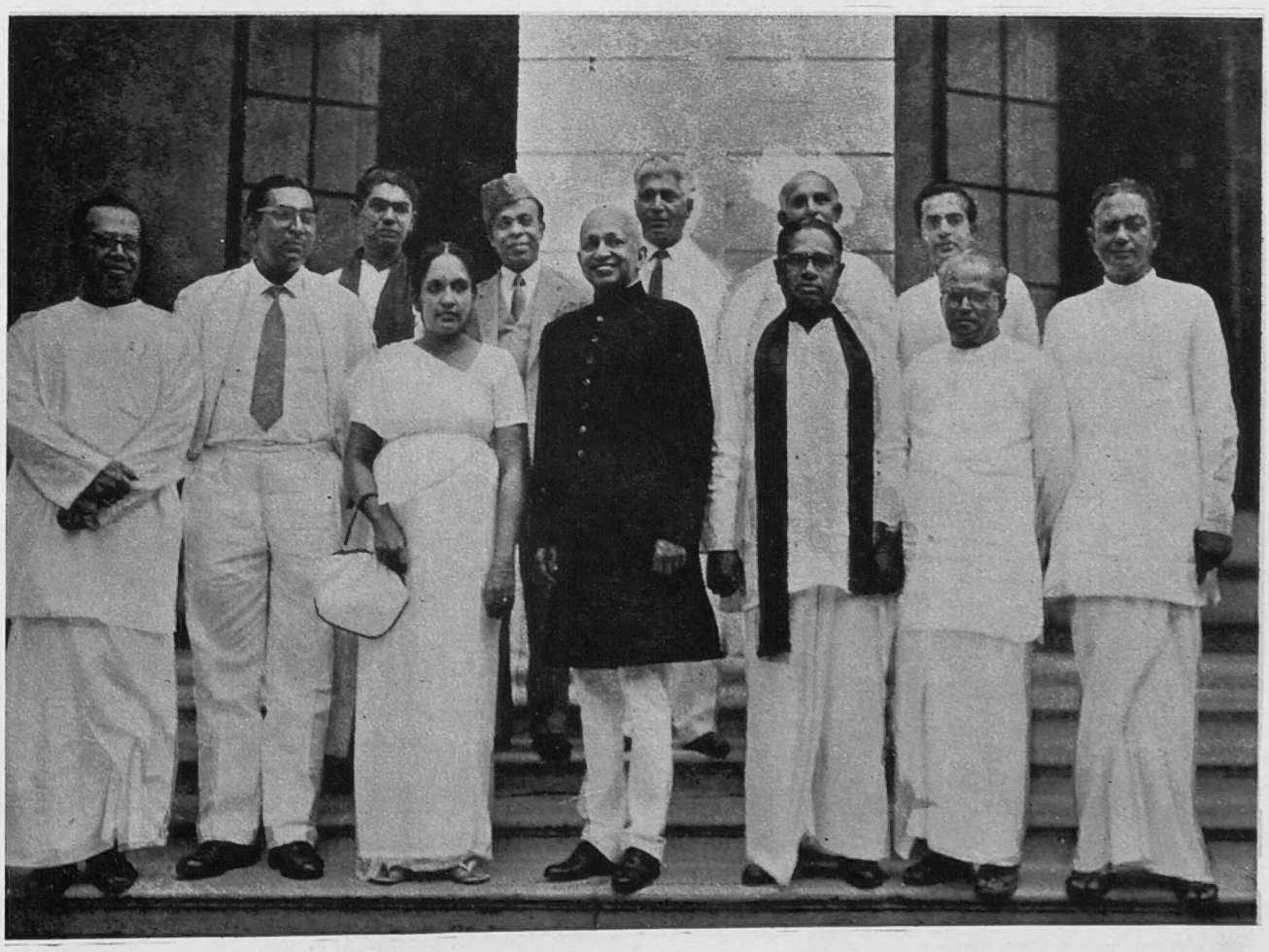
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Detectives of the Sussex Constabulary, reinforced by men of Scotland Yard's Flying Squad, mingled with the crowds at the four-day Royal race meeting at Goodwood, in Sussex, last week. They had been sent with a view to collecting information in connection with the recent horse-doping allegations which have shocked the racing world. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, who were joined by the Duke of Norfolk, attended the meeting. On the first day they remained in the Royal Box, and watched the racing on television. At one point the Duke of Norfolk left the Box to talk with the local C.I.D. chief superintendent. Trainers, too, were taking precautions to ensure that nothing happened to their horses. On the eve of the meeting Harry Wragg placed a guard with a shot gun over his stable, and other trainers later followed his example. When the £100,000 champion colt, Sing Sing, arrived at Goodwood, security measures were intensified. Sing Sing was said to have been doped before it ran in the July Cup at Newmarket this year. In the Stewards' Cup, the big race on the first day, 25-year-old Sussex jockey Jimmy Lindley won on Sir Philip Dunn's Monet at 20 to 1. Later he won a further race at 100 to 6 on Don't Look. He was disqualified from third place in another race in which he was riding High Perch. During the meeting it was announced that the Queen's four-year-old Above Suspicion had been sold for a large sum to the Colghran Stud, Co. Dublin



CROWDS IN THE PADDOCK AT GOODWOOD RACE COURSE

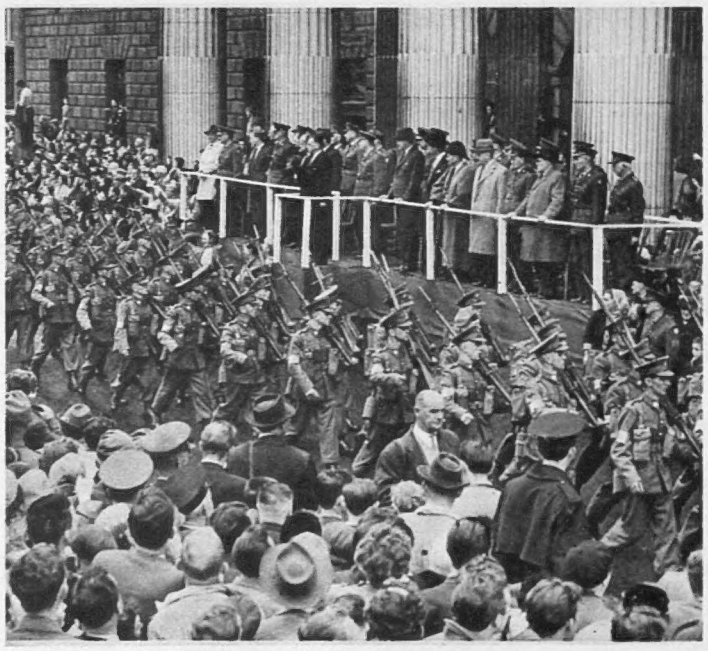
From left, front row, Mr. T. B. Illangaratne, Minister of Commerce, Trade, Food and Shipping; Mr. F. Dias Bandaranaike, Minister of Finance; Mrs. Bandaranaike, the Prime Minister; Sir Oliver Goonetilleke, the Governor-General; Mr. C. P. de Silva, Minister of Agriculture; Mr. A. P. Jaysuriya, Minister of Health; and Mr. M. Senanayake, Minister of Industries, Home and Cultural Affairs. From left, back row: Mr. M. Samaraweera, Minister of Local Government and Housing; Alkaj Badiudin Mahmud, Minister of Education and Broadcasting; Mr. C. Wijesinghe, Minister of Labour; Mr. S. P. C. Ferando, Minister of Justice; and Mr. P. G. Kalugalle, Minister of Transport and Works. (Further information about the members of Mrs. Sirima Bandaranaike's new Cabinet is given in The Voice of the Commonwealth, page 195.) Ceylon's first woman Prime Minister campaigned as president of the victorious Sri Lanka Freedom Party, with the promise of becoming Prime Minister if it was victorious, but she did not contest a seat in the elections. It was expected that some answer would be found to this difficulty before the opening of the Ceylon Parliament on August 5



MEMBERS OF CEYLON'S NEW CABINET

H.M.S. *EXCELLENT* RECEIVES A TOTEM POLE FROM THE ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY

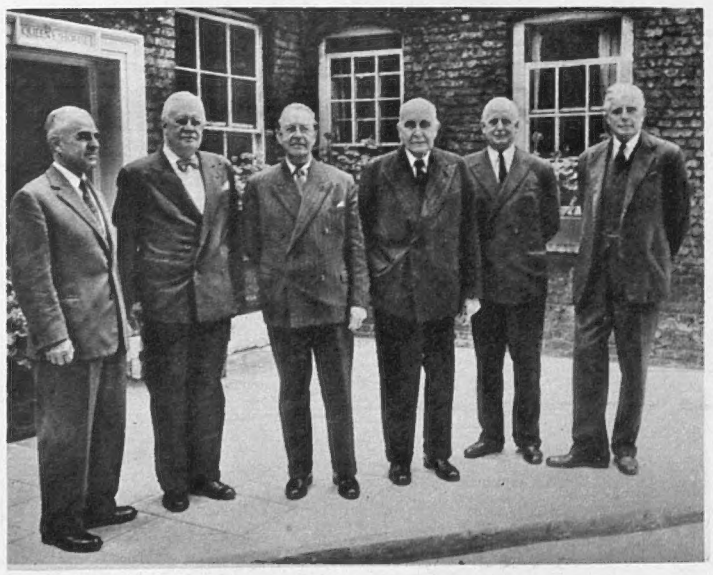
Fifteen Canadian Indians, who are all serving members of the Royal Canadian Navy, provided a special escort to a totem pole which was delivered at Portsmouth last week. The Indians, who come from eight different tribes, were dressed in the costumes of their ranks in the tribes. They escorted the totem pole, which is 24 ft. long and has a weight of 2 tons, to the naval gunnery school H.M.S. *Excellent*, Whale Island. The pole was carved by the Chief of the Kwakiutl tribe, Nakapankim —or as he is more usually known, Mungo Martin. (He also carved the totem pole which was presented to the Queen, and which now stands in Windsor Park.) The pole is called Hasaqami after one of the three figures carved on it. Hasaqami means Man of Authority, and the other two figures are the Hunter Whale, and the Thunder Bird—all symbols in Indian heraldry. It was presented to the school at Whale Island by gunners of the Royal Canadian Navy (who for fifty years have trained at Whale Island), after being brought from Canada by H.M.C.S. *Kootenay*. After a ceremony in front of the school, there was an exhibition of Indian wrestling. Finally, the "pipe-of-peace" was passed round, and there was a grand "pow-wow"



IRISH TROOPS IN DUBLIN BEFORE LEAVING FOR CONGO

IN COLCHESTER BEFORE FLYING TO KENYA

With the continued disturbances in Africa, more troops have been flown into the trouble areas. Last week, men of the 32nd Battalion of the Irish Republic's Army left Dublin for Congo to join other detachments making up the United Nations force, commanded by General von Horn. The 650 officers and men form the first Irish Army unit to serve abroad since the State was established. A battalion of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment flew in Britannia aircraft of R.A.F. Transport Command from Lyneham in Wiltshire to Kenya. The 650 men reinforced 24 Infantry Brigade, the strategic reserve stationed in Kenya. It was stated that there were the best part of five battalions of the British Army in Africa, four in Kenya, of which one has a detachment on the Persian Gulf, and one due in the Cameroons



THE NEW CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER OF LONDON

Earl Alexander of Tunis was entertained at the Tower before he succeeded Lord Wilson as Constable. From left are Lieut.-General Sir Henry Wells, until recently Chief of Combined Chiefs of Staff, Australia; Major-General H. D. W. Sitwell, Keeper of the Crown Jewels; Lord Alexander; Lord Wilson; Brigadier L. F. E. Wieler, Major and Resident Governor and Major-General C. Nevill, Colonel of the Royal Fusiliers

RESCUE OPERATIONS IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

Far right: A naval rescue helicopter from the Portland helicopter station in Dorset lifts to safety a member of the crew of another helicopter from the same station. This had ditched in the sea off Portland Bill while on exercises. Two of the crew were rescued by helicopter and the third member by the destroyer *Carron* (standing by in the background)

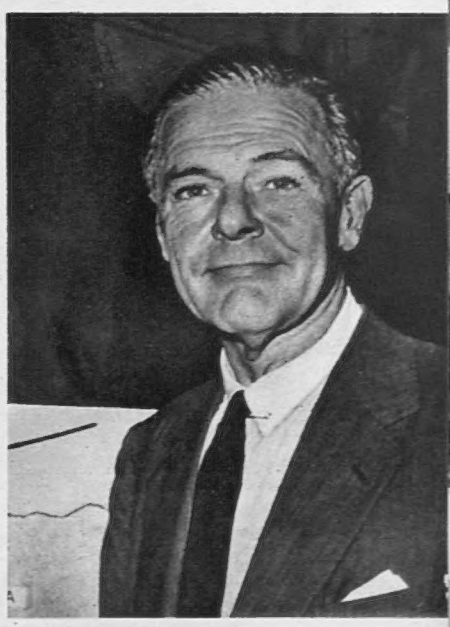
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A massive aluminium eagle is assembled in a warehouse in Tower Bridge Road in London. Its parts had arrived in Britain in three crates brought by a cargo-ship from New York. The gigantic emblem was due to be placed in position on the new building of the United States Embassy in Grosvenor Square last Saturday (July 30). The eagle, which is the work of the American sculptor Theodore Roszak, has a height of 9 ft., a wing span of 35 ft. and weighs 2,000 lb. Its construction took ten months and after it was welded it was sprayed with anodised gold. Total cost was £19,000. The design of the eagle has caused considerable controversy on both sides of the Atlantic. The new U.S. Embassy building is nearing completion and it is expected staff will move into it in the early autumn

THE GIANT EMBLEM FOR THE NEW UNITED STATES EMBASSY IN LONDON

As was generally anticipated, Vice-President Nixon was nominated at the Republican Convention in Chicago as the party's candidate in the election for the American Presidency next November. At the end of the first ballot he had 1,321 votes against 10 cast by delegates from Louisiana for Senator Goldwater, of Arizona. Mr. Cabot Lodge received the nomination for the Vice-Presidency. With the candidates for both parties named, the election campaign is now being intensified. Mr. Nixon, who is aged forty-six, and Mr. Kennedy, aged forty-three, and the Democratic choice, are the youngest men ever to stand for the Presidency. Mr. Lodge, Representative to U.N., is fifty-eight, and Senator Johnson, the Democrats' Vice-Presidential hope, is fifty-one

VICE-PRESIDENT RICHARD NIXON AND HIS WIFE ARRIVE IN CHICAGO

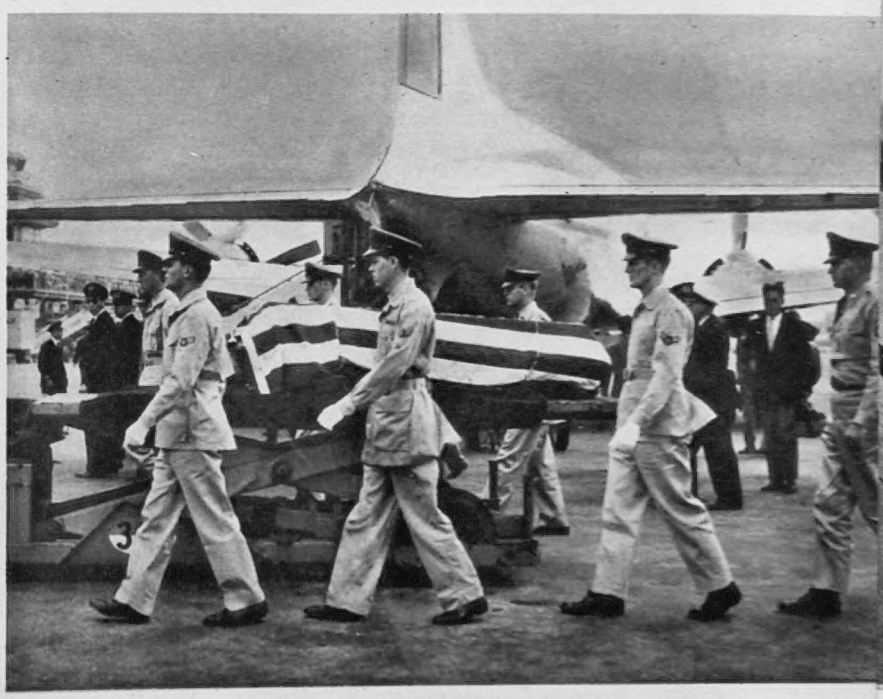


MR. CABOT LODGE

A Czech boy is carried by a policeman at Gedser in Denmark. The port on the Baltic was the scene of two escapes from the Iron Curtain last week. When the East German tourist ship *Seebad Albeck* put into the harbour, a Czech family of five—two of them small boys—swam ashore and sought political asylum. Their example was soon followed by another family from Czechoslovakia, consisting of parents and two small children

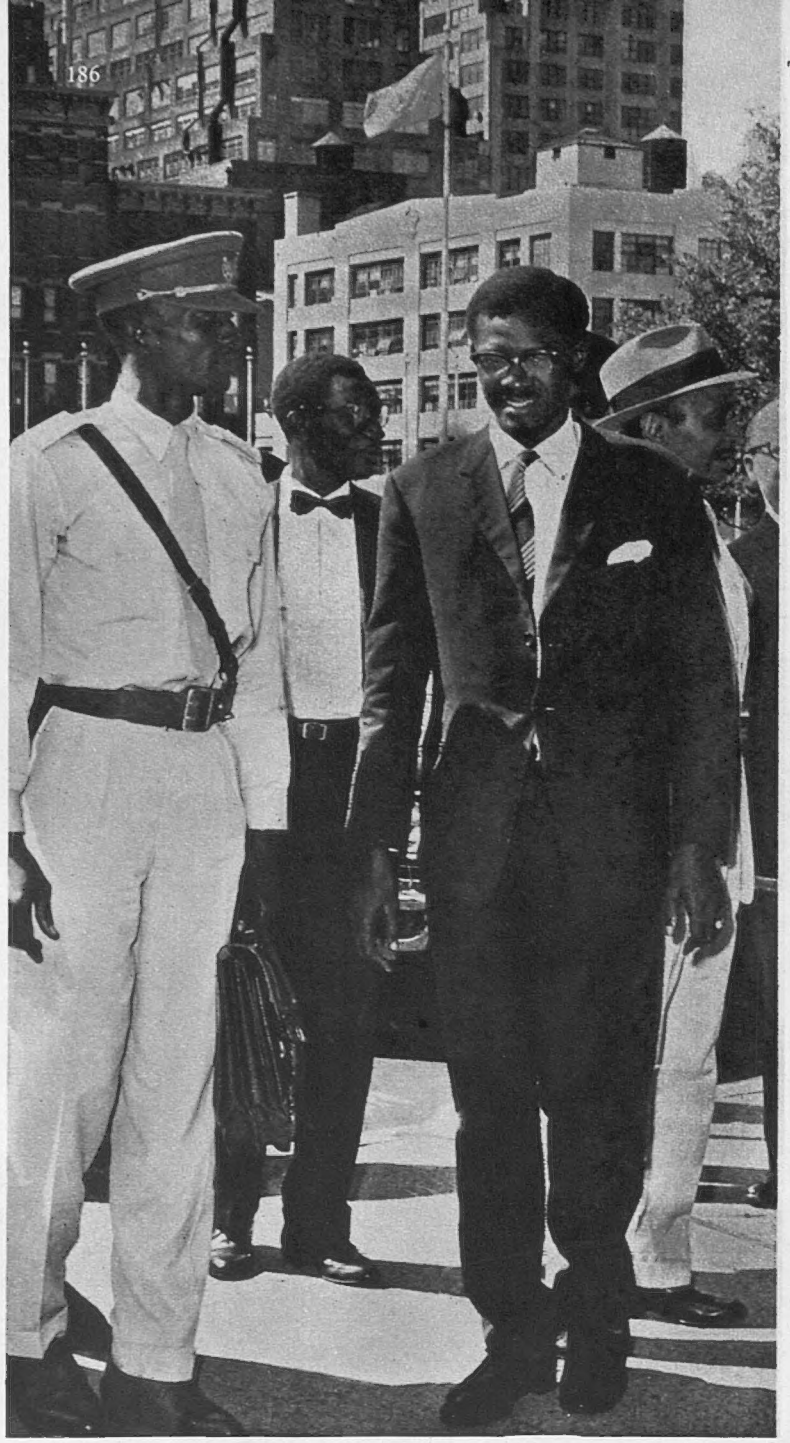
ESCAPERS TO FREEDOM

Far right: At the airport at Amsterdam, the body of Captain Willard Palm, the pilot of the RB-47 aircraft shot down on July 1, is escorted to an American Air Force aircraft after having been flown from Russia on a Dutch airliner. On board the chartered aircraft were sixty British tourists. The RB-47 incident was debated in the U.N. Security Council last week



THE BODY OF THE RB-47 PILOT

CRITICAL DAYS FOR THE CONGO



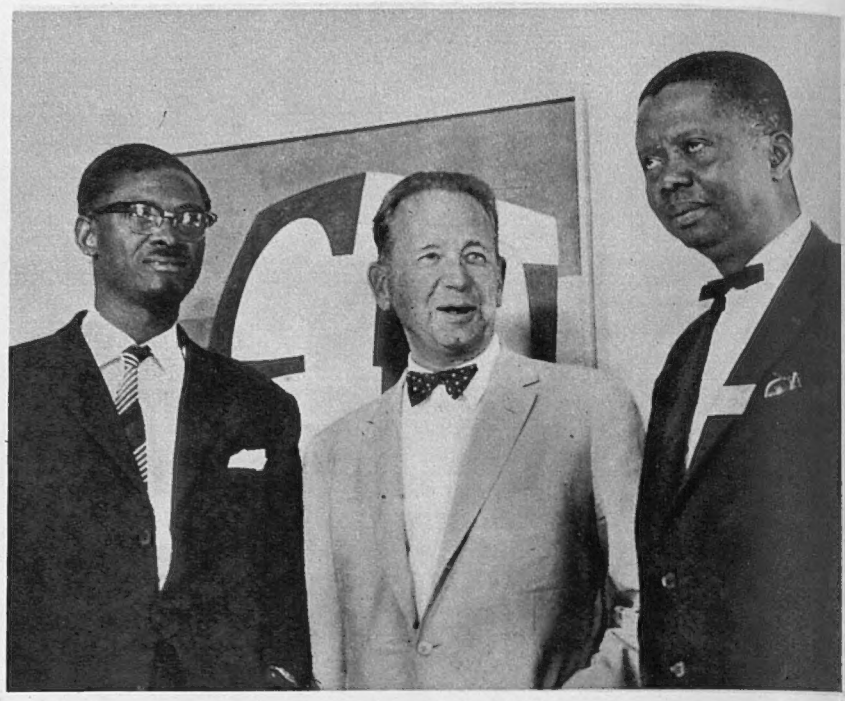
Mr. Lumumba, the Congolese Prime Minister, at Idlewild Airport, New York

On his arrival in New York last week, Mr. Lumumba at once started talks with Mr. Hammarskjöld. The Congolese Prime Minister said afterwards that his conversations with the Secretary-General of the United Nations had been " very fruitful." From New York Mr. Lumumba went to Washington. His purpose there was to obtain economic aid from the United States, which had already sent large quantities of emergency supplies by air to Congo. Meanwhile Mr. Hammarskjöld had flown to Brussels on his way to Leopoldville. He spent several hours in the Belgian capital, having discussions with M. Eyskens, the Prime Minister, and other Ministers concerned with Congo.

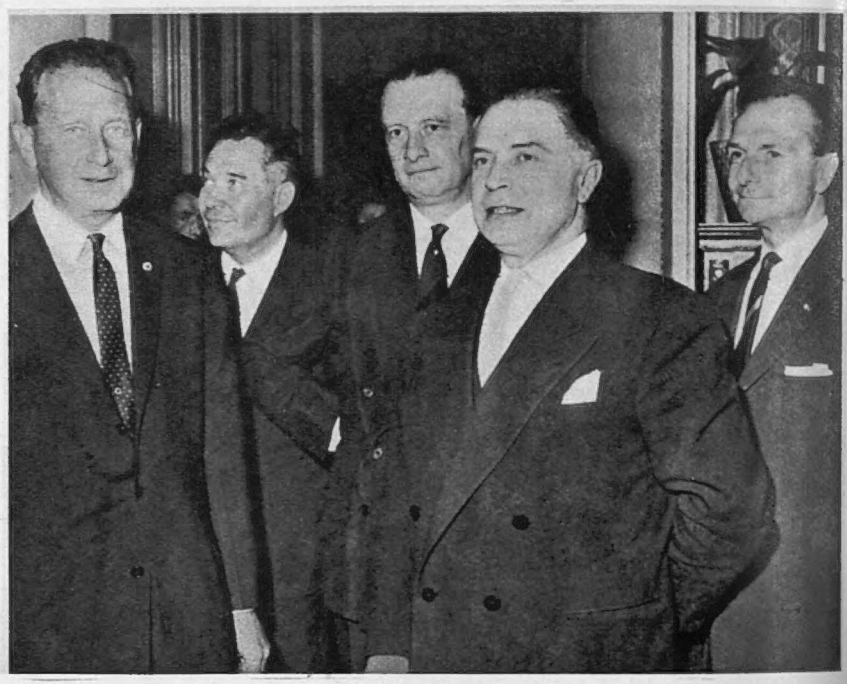
One of the main subjects discussed was understood to have been the withdrawal of the Belgian troops from Congo, as required by the Security Council's resolution, and the position of the separatist province of Katanga. After the talks, M. Eyskens told a Press conference that " important clarifications " had been made of the meaning of the Security Council's resolution. He also declared that the U.N. " must not intervene in the internal affairs of Katanga or in matters which concern only Belgium and the Congolese Government."

In Congo itself, on the day Mr. Lumumba set off for New York, there had been a serious clash between Belgian paratroops and a 250-strong force of Congolese *Force Publique* at Nzilo camp in Katanga. The Congolese refused to surrender to the Belgians, and a battle ensued. Sixteen Congolese and two Belgians were killed before the camp was taken by assault.

Elsewhere in Congo, United Nations contingents were being deployed throughout last week. They were expected to be reinforced by 650 officers and men of the Eire army by the week end. Besides the U.N. military operations, the technical assistants sent to Dr. Bunche, the U.N. Assistant Secretary-General, were beginning to tackle the problems facing them.



Mr. Lumumba, Mr. Hammarskjöld and Mr. Ukito (right), Vice-President of the Congo Senate



Mr. Hammarskjöld in Brussels. M. Eyskens, the Belgian Premier, is in right foreground with behind him, M. Wigny (left), Foreign Minister, and M. Gilson, Defence Minister

President Kasavubu receives the West German Ambassador, Herr Soehring, in Leopoldville

United Nations troops in Congo—Swedish soldiers in a Leopoldville street

Belgians in action against Congolese troops at Camp Nzilo, Katanga

The final assault begins on the barracks at the camp

Arms taken from refugees from Congo are stacked on the Rhodesian side of the border

After the battle two of the Congolese surrender

JOHN CONNELL

THE MOST OVERBURDENED OF THEM ALL

He was a talented and influential Back-Bencher, without Ministerial ambitions. "There 's this to be said about the P.M.'s changes," he observed crisply, "Look at the number of Scotch in the top echelon." This mood of narrow English chauvinism, I told him, was no way in which to regard the climax of one of the oddest episodes in recent political history.

"Well, Alec Home's just one more of them," he said, and turned to contemplate the affairs of the rich dormitory and tax-loss farming area which he represents with great ability and devotion. Funny as his comment undoubtedly was, I must confess that it was almost the last that would have occurred to me. But then, I am Scotch.

The rumpus which arose over the likelihood of Lord Home being appointed Foreign Secretary, in succession to Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, was artificially created and of mercifully short duration. It was of some interest when it was confined to politicians and newspapers of the Left (if only as an indication of their barrenness of thought, and of their lack of any capacity for constructive criticism); as soon as it was taken up by Beaverbrook Newspapers Limited, it took on a certain roguish absurdity and enlivened, if it did not exactly edify, the weary end of a difficult and disillusioning session. The *Daily Express's* final exit speech—a vivid account of how a "formidable trio," consisting of the Chief Whip, the Prime Minister's P.P.S. ("six and a half feet tall and once heavyweight boxing champion of Cambridge") and Mr. Butler's P.P.S., surely as mild and genteel a bravo as ever tiptoed through the Lobby, shattered a massive Tory revolt—will long be treasured in Fleet Street as a classic example of the combined cover-up and slither-out.

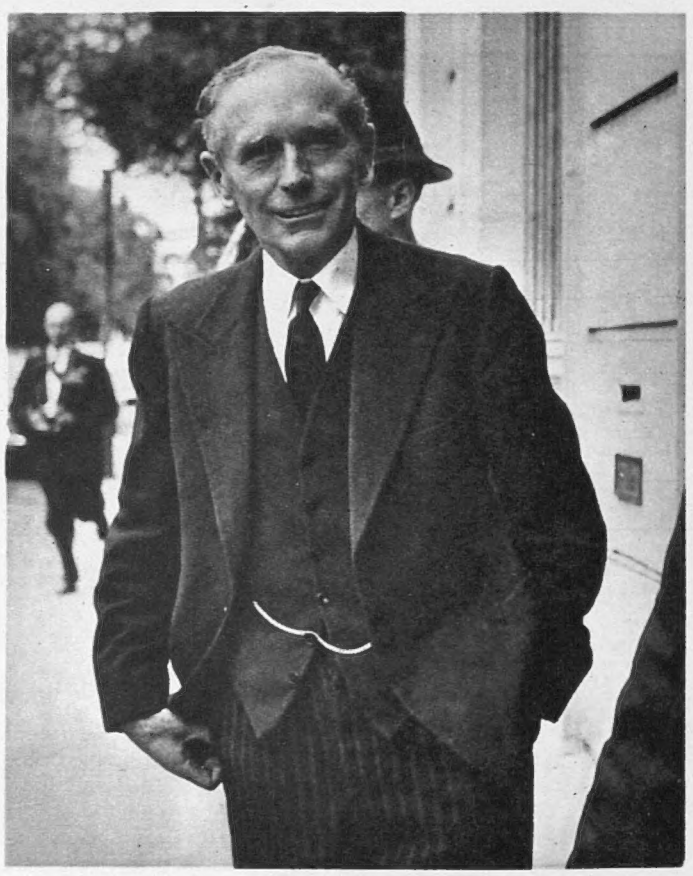
What were the origins and motives of the row? Mr. Gaitskell formulated the basic criticism of Lord Home's appointment with his habitual mixture of lucidity of expression and confused irresponsibility of thought: "I am most disturbed," he said four days before the Cabinet changes were announced, "by an extraordinary rumour that the new Foreign Secretary is to be in the House of Lords. The Opposition would object most strongly to such an appointment. Nowadays, when foreign affairs are so tremendously important to all of us, the Foreign Secretary ought without question to be drawn from and answerable to the House of Commons."

Mr. Gaitskell gave no hint that he appreciated, in the slightest, the arrogance of the claim which was implicit in his observation. As I tried to point out at the time, he appeared to take it for granted that the Opposition has a right to have a say in the exercise of one of the Prime Minister's supremely personal responsibilities, his advice to the Sovereign on the choice of Ministers. It was and is my contention that no Prime Minister with a large, stable and assured majority at his back, less than a year after the election of a new Parliament, has ever conceded or would ever concede such a right.

Some nine years ago, it may be remembered, when Mr. Gaitskell's Party was in office, with the miniscule overall majority of six in the Commons, Mr. Attlee decided to replace the dying Ernest Bevin by Herbert Morrison—a choice open to criticism on many grounds. But supposing Sir Winston Churchill had voiced Tory objections to it, in the way-in which Mr. Gaitskell objected to the prospect of Lord Home's appointment, he would have had—rightly—very short shrift from Mr. Attlee, and the chorus of indignant protest from the Socialist Press would have been awe-inspiring to hear. In fact, if Mr. Gaitskell's intervention at that stage was intended to have any effect and was not just blather, it was a far grosser constitutional impropriety than the appointment of a peer to the Foreign Office.

There are at least four precedents since 1900 for such an appointment: Lord Lansdowne, Lord Curzon, Lord Reading and Lord Halifax. The last of these indeed handed over his seals of office less than twenty years ago; he had served under Chamberlain, he had remained on when Churchill formed his Coalition in May 1940, and he departed the following December to succeed Lord Lothian as British Ambassador in Washington. During the two decades since, there have been five Foreign Secretaries: Sir Anthony Eden, Ernest Bevin, Herbert Morrison, the present Prime Minister and Selwyn Lloyd.

In flat contradiction of Mr. Gaitskell's view, I hold that there is a strong array of arguments in favour of the Foreign Secretary being *always* a member of the House of Lords, and I am glad to think that I share this opinion with so experienced and so eminent a luminary as Sir William Hayter. Sir William has pointed out that the Foreign Secretary is by far the most over-burdened Minister of them all; I myself have heard one recent holder of the post say, "This job is a killer." The idea that the Foreign Secretary's status or responsibility has been diminished in recent years is, I believe, erroneous. His range of direct interest and decision is vast and complex. Because his primary task is no longer to engage in leisurely correspondence with H.M. Ambassadors in St. Petersburg, Berlin, Paris and Rome, it need not be thought that he lacks either labour or responsibility.



Lord Home, the new Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs

Just in the past few weeks consider the volume of communication—mostly by telegram—on the R.B.-47 incident, on Cuba and on the Congolese Republic. Consider the problems of the Geneva Conference on Disarmament, the menacing rumbles about Berlin, American difficulties in the Far East, and the financial and matrimonial troubles of an unspecified number of members of Her Majesty's Foreign Service, all of which demand (and receive) the urgent and careful consideration of the Secretary of State. These burdens are heavy enough in themselves; they might be tolerable, were they not accompanied by a shrill, sustained campaign of attack in the House of Commons day after day without remission, on every single major and minor point of foreign policy.

It was this combination which killed Bevin, doughty fighter though he was. Herbert Morrison was a superb House of Commons man and a first-rate administrator, but he had no capacity for the endless paper work which is an essential part of the Foreign Secretary's task. Part of Sir Anthony Eden's temperament was an intense sensitivity to Press and Parliamentary criticism; the strain of years under the lash and the goad broke his health but not his courage.

Selwyn Lloyd, who has held this daunting post through four of the most tumultuous and testing years in modern history, is staunch, robust and equable. He goes on to an equally testing task but in another sphere. It is not, I think, merely personal friendship which makes me regret his translation, and hold that, when this period is fairly and objectively assessed by future historians, his stature will be high. His political opponents have built up and elaborated a preposterously mendacious myth about him; he has been subjected to torrent after torrent of ignorant and spiteful abuse; and I have little doubt, alas, that pseudo-history, based on the cant, the lies and the abuse, will flourish for a while.

Lord Home and his Commons representative, Mr. Edward Heath, the Lord Privy Seal, succeed to a difficult but far from hopeless task. The coherence, the resilience and the consistency which—in the face of the gravest setbacks and disabilities (Eisenhower's weakness, Khrushchev's sudden twists and switches, for example)—are now apparent in British foreign policy are largely Selwyn Lloyd's creation. Lord Home and Mr. Heath, coming from a field which is just as crucial and just as controversial, have plenty of knowledge and experience of the issues they must face. The only question is: have they the moral, intellectual and physical stature and stamina required for a long, even if shared, haul under this fierce and galling harness?

At Godthaab in West Greenland, Queen Ingrid of Denmark serves food on to the plate of an old inhabitant. The occasion was a reception during the recent tour of King Frederik and Queen Ingrid to Greenland. On arrival at Godthaab they were welcomed by a crowd of about 3,000 on the quayside. On one evening the Royal visitors invited the local people aboard the Royal ship *Dannebrog* for dancing. This year the King and Queen have been touring various parts of their kingdom to mark the celebration of their silver wedding. Greenland was a non-self-governing territory until 1953. Then it became an integral part of the Danish Realm with the same measure of self-government as the rest of Denmark. It has its own Assembly and sends representatives to the National Legislature

QUEEN INGRID SERVES DINNER

b

Mr. J. S. Battle, a former Governor of Virginia, lays a wreath at the foot of the statue of Sir Walter Raleigh in Whitehall. He is on a tour of Europe with members of the Virginia Chamber of Commerce

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

THIS FREEDOM. Of necessity all Ministers must for ever promise to preserve the freedoms (above all, freedom of speech) if they hope for power and place. When in power, they must sometimes regret that necessary promise. When a strong rumour grew that Mr. Macmillan proposed to replace the Foreign Secretary with Lord Home, freedom of speech became more like licence. Some said that Mr. Macmillan, intoxicated with the certainty of four years of power, was trailing his coat almost insolently, nepotising the old school tie, insulting the Commons. All that could be said of Lord Home was that he had a face no one ever recognised in the street, was once the equal of Hobbs as a batsman and was an earl. His face may not be easily caricatured, he is certainly an earl; but the batsman claim, intended as denigration, was greatly exaggerated. Pity the hard-working Minister who after years of hard labour, suddenly reads his " worth " in a nation's eyes, so brutally assessed. Less brutal leaders in the Press hinted that the Premier, in designing Lord Home for the Foreign Office and Mr. Lloyd for Chancellor, clearly considered neither of these posts nowadays as of first importance *qua* results. Only heads of Government can communicate with dictators and the tax-payer has long since ceased to hope for Treasury control of departmental expenditure. The ignorant, like myself, hoped against hope that the " rumours " were instigated by a very shrewd Premier; that he himself had let the cats half out of the bag to try them on the public dog. If the dog mauled the cats, he would pull them in again and smooth down their fur. I need not comment on the result. The rumours certainly had an astonishingly intemperate reception from Opposition, ambitious Back Benchers and the Press. And certainly the last Foreign Minister in the " Lords " twenty years ago did not make a great success of it. But it is unfair to suggest that Mr. Macmillan has had to scrape the barrel to form any sort of a Cabinet in the first year of a new Parliament.

THE TERRIERS. Once more the Territorial Army is to be recalled to mind and remodelled for real use in an emergency. And indeed it can feel, if its problem is resolutely handled now, that in the next few years it can put its heart into training for a vital contingent role. Its fine fire and volunteer enthusiasm has been constantly damped down since the Boer War ended. Its apex of enthusiasm was probably during the first decade of the century. Haldane believed in it, Kitchener did not. The old-type Army chiefs of World War One needed a lot of proof, which they got, before they were convinced that very intelligent volunteers could be quickly trained to equal the best Regulars. When war came, no prevision and no provision had been made to assure their stepping forward as one man for foreign service. Alternate whips and scorns have constantly diluted the enthusiasm of and induced cynicism in a body of patriotic young men always ready to give up a part of their short holidays to train as soldiers. Latterly they have been totally neglected. Now they are promised a new charter in an old role. They will be properly organised in brigade strengths at a realistic and not nominal establishment. Money will be spent in providing them with more modern armaments (but even now only a few F/N rifles will be served out to them for practice ! The Lee-Enfield remains their personal weapon). Their role? To provide headquarters and units to aid the civil power. This *imprimis* means providing large-scale assistance in civil defence in the event of nuclear war. More likely and urgent is the role of providing quick reinforcements *overseas*, in B.A.O.R. And thirdly, to create a skeleton on which general mobilisation could be swiftly clothed in the event of war. All these are clear and sensible precautions to-day. If the T.A. is to become once more a living, enthusiastic and vital force in our defence system, the promises must be quickly cashed and not niggardly. Trade unions and employers must heartily co-operate, and generously encourage. Perhaps the most important factor will be the choice of the Director. He must be a man purged of the old contempts for " amateur soldiers." By now, such a man should not be difficult to find, if soldiers read military history. For the rest, he must be dynamic and imaginative.

TELEVISION REPORT. I wonder if any sensible person in England to-day, if he allowed himself a rare quarter-hour of honest appraisement, would be left in doubt that a great deal of our present problems and discontents at home and in the world is due to an increasingly cynical tolerance for human vices and frailties, or that closer attention to the sensible precepts of the Sermon on the Mount would greatly reduce them. The Greeks, too, had a word for it. Plato considered that there was much

During the visit to the Royal Air Force College at Cranwell, the Queen presents the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer P. J. Kemp, watched by Prince Philip. The Queen presented a new Colour to Cranwell

Right: The Prince of Wales and Princess Anne try their hand at manipulating marionettes, in a back stage visit, at the Victoria Palace Theatre, London. They had attended a performance of Podrecca's Piccoli Theatre

to be said for respect for the " good and the beautiful " in producing a good citizen. If we are indeed the salt of the earth, that salt has lost some of its savour. Lord Esher recently expressed the hope that one day we might become a " Third Programme Nation." I doubt if many of us will see that happy transformation. I don't know what sort of report the B.B.C. and I.T.V. expected from their Joint Committee. They can hardly have anticipated the verdict " faultless." But they do not like what they have got. They do not consider that it is up to them to provide a more uplifting menu for the hours of family watching. It is for the parents of the young to select digestible items for their brats. What they provide is a nice " all-purposes " meal, non-stop, from which their millions of listeners, from babies to old crones, can choose what suits them, even if the short names of the dishes don't tell much. Love of money, the root of all evil, requires a varied and sensational choice. " Drivel, brutality and debased moral standards " have clearly paid dividends in the more sensational Sunday papers for years, and the still more powerful propaganda machine of Television sees no reason to leave such a harvest to a rival. Even some of its Press rivals sympathised with TV over the harsh verdict " drivel." The accent must largely be on " recreation " and not on uplift. Who wants to *think* after office hours? And so it is that from six to nine o'clock nightly the programmes largely consist of well-proved attractions for fourth-formers of every age from eight to eighty; and sex, violence, " easy money " and sentimental drivel are seeded high in the list of paying attractions. There *are* signs of decadence in a nation when its crooners and rock-an'-roll stars can command twice the salary and admiration of a Premier or Primate or Lord Chancellor.

THE ROMAN VILLA AT BIGNOR. The pleasantest dream-fancy of my life has always been to own the site (a garden or field) of some interesting prehistoric settlement and to enjoy the constant excitement of finds by spade or plough. And, very familiar as I am with the Roman villa at Bignor, I never cease to envy the Tupper family who by chance discovered the great villa in the summer of 1811 and have owned the site and preserved the remains ever since and encouraged that expert archæological technique which alone can piece together the history and save from further destruction the treasures and knowledge dug out. Next year will be the 150th anniversary of the chance discovery which soon led to the " Ganymede Mosaic," and after an interval to the laying bare of many more marvels of fourth-century art inherited from the Romans by the British Romanised aristocracy, including the lovely " Juno and Peacocks." There have been many interesting new finds and much more scientific digging done recently. Quite enough to justify last July a State opening of the Villa Museum. The villa was indeed by A.D. 400 a very big settlement overlooking the Roman road to Chichester, still clearly visible on the opposite Down. The point of the museum is historical study, not only for artists and decorators, but assuredly for experts in central heating and for plumbers and water engineers of all kinds; possibly for farmers and builders. There is a devil of a lot we can still profitably learn from our remoter ancestors in every department of art and technology, and Bignor, with its haunting sense of the past, always reminds me that we are not wiser than our fathers.

" ALL-DREADED THUNDER-STONE." The Royal Society list among their earliest agendas investigation into the utility of lightning conductors. I rather wish they would restore the item " thunder and lightning " to a coming agenda, for damage by lightning in recent years has seriously upset our beliefs in the dangers to be apprehended in the rustic lore of lightning built up over generations. Lightning conductors, for instance: it now appears that we have always misconceived their uses. They were never meant to attract to themselves the levin-flash and carry it harmlessly into the ground. They act as a mere " trickle discharge " to keep electrical stability over the house they are attached to. Then again, grandmother's advice and warnings about what to do when out in a thunderstorm have recently been set at nought. It used to be mad to shelter under a tree. To-day it is as reckless to stand in the open. Cattle and sheep in open fields are quite often struck down. Walkers in an open space are regular victims. We used to be told to throw down guns and iron golf clubs. But woollens and wood are not immune. We were told we were pretty safe in a car with 6-in. rubber insulation round our tyres, and we were assured of safety in the house if we wore rubber soles. None of these safeguards and dangers seem valid to-day, because lightning accidents clearly happen under every kind of condition. Perhaps the Royal Society will help us with new advice based on the progress of science since 1660.

THE OLD STAGER

Hitchcock's latest film has a weird and decaying setting

ENTERTAINMENT

PSYCHO

Hitchcock's new film at the Plaza cinema

Heavy curtains of secrecy were drawn across the production of Alfred Hitchcock's latest film, released by Paramount. As usual with his pictures, which depend for their hallmark on the cunning exploitation of suspense, the audience and Press have been commanded not to reveal the ending. But less usual, Hitchcock, while he was shooting the film in Hollywood, for months would not reveal the title or give more than an outline of the plot. Ever since he started directing in the late '20's, Alfred Hitchcock has gone his own idiosyncratic way to the occasional wrath of the film industry and the enjoyment of audiences. He makes his usual momentary appearance in *Psycho* in a small part, a portly figure who seems to combine a wry good humour with a malicious sense of mystery.

His latest film is in a new vein—it does not have the flamboyant, impossible chase of, for instance, *North by North-West*. *Psycho* is an eerie story, with sudden acts of lethal violence. (It is described in the publicity, forbiddingly, as an "entry into the field of metaphysical sex.") The background is of an isolated community, a lonely motel and a gaunt Victorian mansion. The story begins with Marion Crane (Janet Leigh) wanting to marry her lover, Sam Loomis (John Gavin). He explains he has no money, so she steals 40,000 dollars from the firm at which she works and makes her escape to a motel. Here she is murdered apparently by the jealous mother of the strange young man who runs the motel, played by Anthony Perkins. A private detective on the trail is murdered in the same way, and it is not until the dead woman's sister, played by Vera Miles, and Sam are almost killed as well, that the secret is revealed. More horrific than usual with a Hitchcock film, *Psycho* is full of hypnotic visual patterns and psychological nightmares.

Janet Leigh as Marion Crane

Vera Miles, John Gavin, and Janet Leigh

Janet Leigh and **below:** Anthony Perkins

Alfred Hitchcock, the director—the master at work

Marion Crane (Janet Leigh), the girl who steals 40,000 dollars

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

NEW ZEALAND

Plans to increase substantially the recruitment overseas of skilled workers have been announced by the New Zealand Government. The country has a great deal to do yet in developing its resources and essential services, such as health, education, housing, transport and power supply. New Zealand has now recovered from the economic position which, three years ago, caused it to curtail the intake of unskilled workers because of the lessened demand. This recovery has resulted in an increased demand for skilled workers, of which the country has no surplus. Apart from the existing requirements, additional experienced tradesmen and other workers are essential for development.

Prospects for the future are now excellent. Skilled men, by assisting to develop New Zealand's economy to the utmost, will provide greater employment for unskilled workers. The quest for skilled workers from overseas has, in fact, not been relaxed over recent years and a scheme was operated under which free passages were granted to selected single men or women under 46 who were qualified or experienced in any of a number of occupations. Married men, similarly qualified, received free passages if nominated by friends, relatives or prospective employers.

The inducement offered by this system in the past has now, it is recognised, disappeared to a considerable extent as prosperity has increased in the overseas countries from which immigrants were drawn, particularly in Britain. New Zealand still has a good deal to offer new settlers, however, such as economic security, full employment, good working conditions, a temperate climate and ample space and facilities for outdoor recreation. It is a good country for families, but skilled workers are needed to help build the additional homes needed for more immigrants.

Under the latest decisions of the Government, married men who are skilled and experienced workers and have up to four dependent children (the previous limit was two) may be assisted to emigrate if nominated by friends, relatives or prospective employers. A guarantee that suitable accommodation will be found for them is now sufficient, whereas previously those nominating married men with families had to secure accommodation at the time nomination was made. No guarantee at all will now be required for married, skilled or experienced workers without children, who will be housed in immigration hostels until they can find accommodation themselves. A married man who is eligible for an assisted passage may now travel alone to New Zealand, establish a home and then nominate his family for assisted passage. Married skilled or experienced workers with at least £500 capital will be accepted without a guarantee for accommodation.

These measures will be of particular interest to prospective emigrants from Britain. British migrants have been given preference by New Zealand, a country which is populated largely by British stock, since assisted immigration was resumed shortly after the Second World War. From 1945 to 1960 New Zealand's net gain from immigration has been 165,000, of whom 79 per cent. were British. In that time the New Zealand Government has given financial assistance to 53,000 immigrants, of whom 46,000, or 87 per cent., came from the United Kingdom, and 6,000 from the Netherlands. The remainder came from Denmark, Switzerland, Austria and Germany.

Seventy per cent. of the assisted immigrants have been workers, who have made a valuable contribution to the development of the country's resources. Engineering, building, farming and hospitals have gained most. Big development works, including hydro-electric schemes, railway construction and the extension of communications systems, have also received great impetus from the employment of assisted immigrants, and further such schemes are now either in hand or in prospect.

SOUTH AFRICA

South Africa's intention to speed up the flow of immigrants to the country has gained added importance in recent weeks as a result of events in Africa. The Government announced its drive for more immigrants some time ago. Now the happenings in countries north of the Union have increased immigration activity as growing numbers of people decide to seek a more secure future in South Africa.

The Government has made special efforts to assist refugees from the Congo. The first groups of these people have already arrived in the Union via the Rhodesias and East Africa where newspaper advertisements and South African representatives have been informing them of the assistance available. Normal immigration procedures have been streamlined to facilitate their entry into the Union and they are granted special concessions to bring their possessions, such as motor vehicles and household effects, with them. Once in the country they are helped to find accommodation and suitable employment. There have also been indications recently that people in East Africa are eager to move south. Mr. John Foggitt, head of an unofficial immigration organisation, said in mid-June that he had received more than 1,000 applications to immigrate to the Union in response to two advertisements placed in Kenya. Mr. Foggitt said the biggest single group among the applicants were clerical workers, but there were also accountants, engineers, technicians and farmers.

South Africa has always drawn most of its immigrants from Britain and Europe and increased efforts will be made to attract suitable people from these countries. South African representatives in Britain and on the Continent have been instructed to give all possible information and assistance. Where necessary newcomers will now be allowed into the Union on temporary visas and be able to apply for permanent residence after their arrival. The Government has also announced that, as in the past, immigration from Commonwealth countries is welcome and practically no restrictions are placed on immigrants from these countries.

The Union's growing concern with immigration is reflected in the establishment of two new organisations. At the end of June a South African Immigration Council was formed to advise the Government " on the establishment and implementation of a considerably expanded immigration programme." It is composed of representatives of a number of organisations dealing with immigration as well as a representative of industry. In addition, the country's big three unofficial immigration organisations have formed a South African Immigration Trust to deal with inquiries from African territories. The main function of the Trust will be to find jobs for newcomers and it has been assured of Government support.

PAKISTAN

During recent weeks several Pakistanis have been in the news in Britain. Of them the most widely known must be Zia Mohyeddin, playing one of the principal roles in the delightful play, based on E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India*, running in the West End. He plays the part of the volatile Dr. Aziz and according to the critics successfully encompasses " the effervescent cheek, charm, arrogance and humility " of that character in the play. Quite apart from whatever inborn aptitude Zia Mohyeddin may have had for the stage, he put in considerable literary and dramatic training in his preparation. Some early influence may be traced to his father who achieved distinction as a writer and director of one-act plays. His first appearance on the stage is reported to have been at the age of five. After college, via broadcasting and directing of radio plays, he came to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London. After acting in several repertory plays he returned to Pakistan, where he successfully produced several plays, ranging from Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night* to *Julius Caesar* in Urdu.

For Pakistan Zia Mohyeddin is quite a pioneer, because, unlike in Britain, there is no thriving stage in Pakistan to assist an aspiring actor's enthusiasm. It was entirely his own initiative and enterprise, together with the limited scope radio could afford to the exercise of the dramatic medium that helped him along. Whatever interest there was in the stage was killed by the advent of moving pictures. Even without cinema, it is doubtful whether the theatre, overloaded with song and dance, confined to variations of a very limited number of themes, with dialogues in a stilted, hectoring style jarring to the least sophisticated ear, could have survived. Pakistanis who have a keen cultural consciousness feel the need of a theatre for its own sake as much as a training ground for talent to feed other media of entertainment. Such a theatre can only come through hard constructive effort. Zia Mohyeddin has already done enough work in Pakistan to make people think of him whenever their thoughts turn to a Pakistani theatre.

Last week a Pakistani cadet, Malik Ghulam Mohammad Khan, was awarded the Queen's gold medal at Sandhurst for having scored the first position in order of merit. This was the first time that the Queen's medal was won by a cadet from outside Britain, and, of course, Khan was the first Pakistani to win that honour. Besides the Sovereign's gold medal, he also won the silver stick for being the most successful overseas cadet as well as several prizes for scoring top marks in individual subjects.

A team of twelve Pakistani athletes is in Britain. They participated in the International meet at Welwyn Garden City when a Pakistani won the 110-metre hurdles with a timing of 14·2 seconds (better than the British national record by ·1 second). The Pakistani athletes also took part in the Amateur Athletics Association Championships held at the White City, London. There Pakistan's Mohammad Nawaz won the javelin throw with a throw of 250 ft. 7½ ins., which was a new Empire and Commonwealth record. Another Pakistani, G. Raziq, won the 120-yard hurdles. Yet another Pakistani, Brojen Das, is in Britain to make an attempt on the world record for crossing the Channel.

WEALTH

Immigration opportunities to New Zealand and South Africa; Pakistanis in the news; Ceylon's new Government

CEYLON

In the first major statement of policy to come from the new Ceylon Government Mr. Felix Dias Bandaranaike, Minister of Finance, indicated that while it was his party's wish to make Ceylon a Republic it was "very unlikely" that Ceylon would leave the Commonwealth.

The Minister of Finance is the principal newcomer in Mrs. Bandaranaike's Cabinet of eleven. A young lawyer, aged 29, he entered active politics only this year when he successfully contested a seat at the March election. In the recent campaign he acted as the Freedom Party's chief spokesman. Besides being Minister of Finance, Mr. Bandaranaike is also assisting the Prime Minister as her Parliamentary Secretary in the Ministry of Defence and External affairs. The Cabinet, composed exclusively of members of the Sri Lanka Freedom Party, has seven members who held office in the late Mr. S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike's administration, including Mr. C. P. de Silva who was Leader of Ceylon's House of Representatives under the late Mr. Bandaranaike. The new faces, besides the Minister of Finance, are those of the Minister of Education and Broadcasting, Alkaj Badiudin Mahmud, a Moslem educationist who has served on Ceylon's team to the U.N. General Assembly, and the Minister of Justice, Mr. S. P. C. Fernando, a well-known Colombo lawyer and prominent lay official of the Anglican Church of Ceylon.

At the elections, Mrs. Bandaranaike's Freedom Party increased its representation in Parliament from 46 to 75 seats. It gained from both the right-wing U.N.P. (whose parliamentary strength was cut from 50 to 30) and the Marxist People's United Front (down from 10 to 3 seats).

The new Government has a clear majority in the House of Representatives: it does not have to depend on the support of any other party to ensure its stability. Mrs. Bandaranaike, in a broadcast to the nation soon after her appointment as Prime Minister, stated that the people had clearly reaffirmed their faith in the democratic socialist policies initiated by the late Mr. Bandaranaike, Prime Minister of Ceylon from 1956 to 1959. The new Premier gave an assurance that "the people of this country—to whatever race or religion they may belong—will receive from my Government equality of treatment and a fair deal."

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

Mr. Nehru is seen with Queen Ratna Rajalaksmi of Nepal in New Delhi. The Queen was accompanying her husband, King Mahendra on a four-day private visit to the Indian capital. They were on their way to Kashmir where they were also to stay privately. The King and Queen of Nepal are to make a State visit to London next October

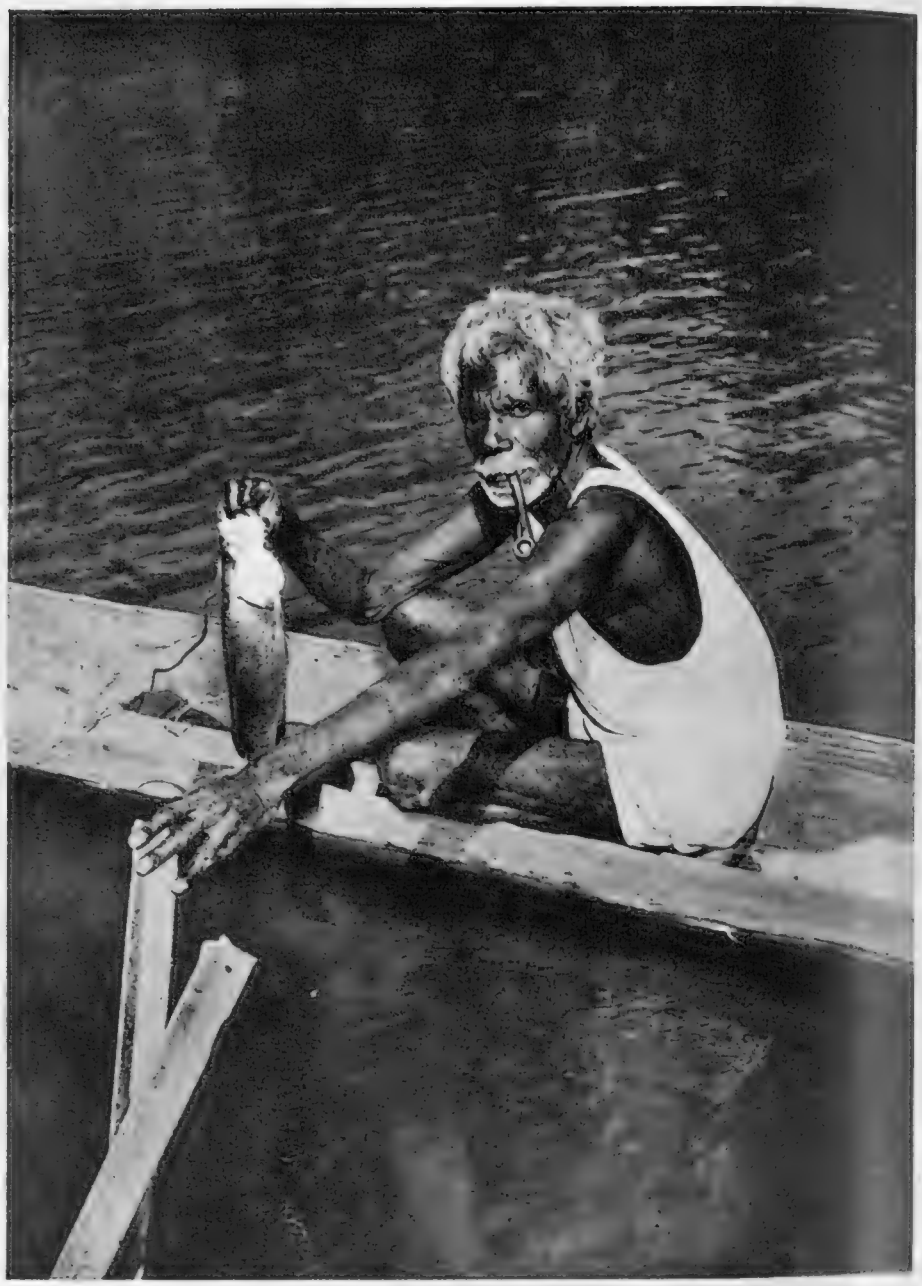
President Nkrumah of Ghana is in a gay mood during a dance at his official residence, Flag House, in Accra. The dance was given for the delegates to the Conference of women's organisations from many parts of Africa which was being held in the capital

The vast dome of steel and concrete houses the control room and auxiliary equipment for India's second nuclear research reactor at the Indian Atomic Research Establishment at Trombay, near Bombay. The reactor started to operate a month ago. The dome is 134 ft. in height and has a diameter of 120 ft. The ball-shaped structure in the left background is a tank for supplying emergency cooling water. It is built of pre-stressed concrete and holds 850,000 gallons. The nuclear plant at Trombay is one of the most powerful research reactors in the world and also one of the largest. Financial assistance towards its construction was given by the Canadian Government under the terms of the Colombo Plan. India's first research reactor is also at the Trombay Establishment

A MISSION TO THE ABORIGINES

The new church at the Daly River Mission in northern Australia

Aborigine women tending tomato plants in the garden of the mission



An old man of the Malak tribe with a fish he has speared from the river

The Roman Catholic mission on the Daly River, 100 miles to the south of Darwin in the Northern Territory of Australia, was established five years ago. To-day it looks after several hundred Aborigines from nearby tribes. Trained nursing and teaching sisters care for and educate the natives. In the school, children learn to read and write and have film shows twice a week. Hunters and fishermen bring food to the mission's kitchen, and vegetables are grown in the garden under the supervision of an Italian gardener. A new church of concrete has just been built, two white men directing native labour on the work. The Daly River Mission is assisting in forwarding the policy of the Australian authorities which is to educate the Aborigines so that they can eventually take their place in the larger Australian community. Last May the first group of Northern Territory Aborigines to train to become teachers started on their course in Darwin. There are some 74,000 people of Aborigine blood in Australia. About 79,000,000 acres are set aside as reserves for the Aborigines.

A sister of the Roman Catholic mission helps a pupil

Father Cosgrove, the mission's Superintendent, with four of his schoolboys

The foreground of the view looking west over Zagreb is the Museum of the War of National Liberation, designed by Mestrović. Right is the Cathedral of St. Kralja, with Upper Town behind. Left centre is nineteenth-century Zagreb and right foreground part of the modern development

LIFE IN THE CITY OF ZAGREB

By **Victor Bonham-Carter**

The church of St. Marko in the Upper Town. The tiled roof has the coats of arms of Croatia and Zagreb

Zagreb is a rapidly expanding city of 500,000 inhabitants and the cultural, economic and political centre of a large region. It is in every sense the capital of Croatia, the second most important of the constituent republics of Yugoslavia. In the last few years I have begun to know it at first hand, and on every visit I have been struck—almost shocked—by the bold contrast between old and new, alike in architecture, town planning and appearance and habits of the people. Visually, it is not difficult to see how the city has developed in its long and chequered history since the eleventh century, for it falls into three fairly distinct districts: the old Upper Town, the nineteenth-century centre, and the modern part.

To the north lies the range of hills known collectively as Sljeme. Here in the foothills arose the first two settlements: Grič or Upper Town, a civil community; and Kaptol, an ecclesiastical centre, with the Cathedral and seat of the bishop. There was a municipal unity of a kind, sufficient to earn the name and rights of a Royal Free City granted by the king of Hungary in 1242, and to boast a Diet or Council. Trade flourished and the Croats soon took the lead over their Slav neighbours as enterprising merchants and skilled craftsmen. To this day, Zagreb is still the best equipped town in Yugoslavia.

In the past, however, it suffered many vicissitudes, mainly from earthquakes, fires, and internal disorders, all of which combined to obliterate most of the early buildings and monuments. Although subject to Hungary first, and then to the Austro-Hungarian Empire, it was not despoiled by invaders. Above all it was never captured by the Turks. After the Turks had been halted in the eighteenth century, Zagreb entered into a long period of growth and prosperity under Austrian rule.

In general the Upper Town is eighteenth century in style and feeling, with a sprinkling of older buildings. It is a quarter of large houses and quiet narrow streets, once the preserve of the aristocracy and their familiars. The architecture is restrained baroque. It is pure delight to walk around and look at the beautiful, sure, proportions of the roofs and walls, the ribbed tiles, ochre-coloured plaster and white woodwork of the façades, and the wrought-iron brackets and scrollery. Fortunately this quarter has been preserved largely intact, most of the houses being converted into schools and institutions and it retains an atmosphere of refuge and repose, a place apart. Hard by stands the Cathedral and the close. The former was rebuilt in nineteenth-century Gothic after an earthquake; but it is an imposing building, encircled by the remnants of its medieval fortifications and by the bishop's palace and priests' seminary of later date.

In the nineteenth century the Grič, Kaptol, and other settlements were finally welded together, and the name Zagreb formally given to the whole conglomeration in 1850. Hitherto the river Sava, wayward in course and flood, had prevented any development below the

(Continued on following pages)

Part of old Zagreb, with the Cathedral. Right foreground is Trznica, the traditional market. The stalls are on the roof and the hall underneath is also used by traders

LIFE IN THE CITY OF ZAGREB

Houses in the Upper Town

(*Continued from previous page*)

foothills. All this, however, was altered by the arrival of the railway. The embankment of the line served as a *bund* or dam against the water, while the line itself actively promoted new industries in the area. It was not very long, therefore, before all this newly-won space (between the railway and the foothills) was laid out as a solid commercial town with handsome squares and streets. All this coincided with the resurgence of Croat consciousness, which expressed itself *inter alia* in a number of institutions in florid neo-baroque, albeit imposing buildings which add distinction to the city. The Croats, too, early displayed their genius in sculpture, for genius it is, and there are many fine figures and groups in the gardens and squares. The greatest name of course is Mestrovič, now an old man living in the U.S.A. His works are everywhere to be seen in Zagreb.

By 1914 Zagreb was a thriving commercial city of 70,000 inhabitants, which continued to grow steadily when Croatia formed part of the newly-founded Yugoslav State after 1918. It grew naturally because of its attractions, material and otherwise, for the under-employed peasants in the surrounding countryside, who poured into the town between the two wars. By 1937 the population had risen to 220,000. Though occupied by the Germans, the city suffered comparatively little damage from 1941 to 1945, while since the end of the war it has leapt ahead in development.

This is due first and foremost to the policy of industrialisation, which the Tito Government has deliberately adopted for economic, social and political reasons. One can say that the policy aims at making Yugoslavia reasonably independent of East and West, and at raising standards in an over-populated agricultural country. As an existing well-equipped urban centre, Zagreb has naturally had to play a large part in effecting this plan; and I had the good fortune to have a long conversation with the city architect and regional town planners about some of the problems and ideas involved. First, obviously, Zagreb has acquired a large number of new factories, business and administrative offices, and it has also established an International Trade Fair on a permanent site outside the city, which attracts many visitors and enjoys a wide repute. Secondly, there has not been the slightest difficulty in staffing these new plants, although the quality of labour is another matter. Peasants, short of land and employment at home, have been drawn in faster than ever before, eager at the prospect of higher wages, comforts and bright lights. The problem—and it remains the overriding one—is to keep pace with housing and services.

In general, the solution adopted has been to develop a whole new area south of the railway. Great progress has been made by bold contemporary planning and building of blocks and highways. But each new success breeds new difficulties, while many old ones continue to prove intractable. Traffic, for example. So long as motor transport was limited (as it was until recently), the older parts of Zagreb were adequate as regards the flow of vehicles and pedestrians. In the last few years, however, the situation has changed materially. Cars and lorries are on the increase, while the trams make many streets a menace. Parking is already a difficulty in the centre.

...er housing in the city. The flats have been built in the new development area, south of the east-west railway line

The Gymnasia or chief secondary school of Zagreb

The recently-built clinic of the University Medical Faculty

It is found that most people want and have to live in the city itself. It is the tradition in Yugoslavia to live where you work, and this applies to all classes. Peasants, who work in the factories, refuse to go back to their villages to sleep; they want to live in, and belong to, Zagreb. Likewise the office workers and intellectuals, though some of them are prepared to work outside, are bored stiff at the thought of living in the country. The problem is intensified by the fact that the new workers are not content to spend all their time in the new housing area. They prefer to shop and amuse themselves in the old part of the city, the traditional centre, and to gather there in large groups. Some new shops and restaurants have been provided with the housing blocks, but they are not well patronised, for this is an age-old custom very difficult to break down. Besides that, public funds are limited. Every dinar has to be spent on essentials—in this instance, housing. Another planning obstacle is the railway embankment, which has to be expensively pierced or bridged in order to provide access to the new quarter.

These are but a few of the problems attending the sudden growth of a big city in a predominantly agricultural country. Zagreb, big before the war, now has half-a-million people, and is expected to rise to a million before very long. There are other deeper problems: such as the effect of automation upon the structure of labour, the question of shorter hours and the right use of leisure. These are not of course peculiar to Yugoslavia, but you do see them there in the raw, for the Yugoslavs are leaping a century in their economic and social development. My impression, however, is that they will always find a workable solution, because they are a gay, robust, and intelligent people, the Croats in particular, who work harder than their fellows.

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

APPLEBY AND ITS FAIR

Mostly I go to Appleby at Fair time. I go then (and I wish I could do so every year) because this is one of the few remaining Fairs in England which gipsies attend in some numbers to follow one of their traditional occupations, horse-trading, and I am very interested in gipsies. Gipsies have been buying and selling horses at Appleby for at least two hundred years. Surprisingly, in these mechanised days, the horse-trade at Appleby Fair is still brisk.

You may still see plenty of good horses, and some not so good, for a horse fair seems to have an irresistible attraction for " mugs " and " mugs " must be catered for: this philanthropic attitude towards the " mug," by the way, is not confined to gipsies. There are fine examples of the traditional horse-drawn wagon at Appleby. But there have, of course, been changes and these have become more marked in recent years. Now, alongside the horse-drawn wagons, you will see the motor-drawn caravans and some of the new, all-in-one, conversions. Some of the caravans are most palatial and all are beautifully kept. Their condition, inside and out, puts to shame many of those to be seen on the coastal caravan sites and some of the cars which draw them take the breath away. I have not yet seen a Rolls-Royce, but I have seen a Mercedes-Benz and a Daimler; and neither of them very old.

This sort of thing is far removed from the popular conception of the gipsy. But " the wind of change " blows here as everywhere else. It is intriguing to notice the difference that the ownership of a motor-drawn caravan makes. It confers at once respectability. The owners of these vehicles are not regarded by the local populace (and this does not apply only at Appleby) in the same light as the owners of horse-drawn wagons and are not treated in the same suspicious way. Even in the south of England the warning-off signs which are displayed—to our national shame, let me add—in some shops and in windows do not apply to the owners of motor-drawn caravans. A visible display of wealth makes a lot of difference!

But I think that the motor-drawn caravan is making a difference amongst gipsies as well. The gipsy took to describing himself as a " traveller " because he realised that " gipsy " was a dirty word among country-folk. (Abroad, you will find a man declaring proudly that he is a gipsy: it is very, very rare to find one doing so in England.) Now, I notice a tendency among the gipsy owners of motor-drawn caravans to dissociate themselves from the word " traveller." Not one of them took to the caravan from social reasons, but merely because it is becoming more and more difficult to travel the crowded roads of England with a horse-drawn wagon. Most of them discarded the wagon with deep regret. But it has not taken them long to discover that the caravan confers a certain social status and quite a number of privileges when it comes to camping. Almost unconsciously they are separating themselves gradually from those, many of whom are just as wealthy, who cling to the old way of life.

But, if the wind of change is blowing pretty gustily among the gipsies who visit Appleby Fair, there has been little change in the place itself. The great changes came to Appleby many years ago. In the Middle Ages it was a large and important town with about 10,000 inhabitants. This, naturally, made it a target for the Scots, who burnt it twice in the fourteenth century. The people seem to have settled down after each of these incursions as rapidly as the Japanese after an earthquake. But in 1598 the town was depopulated by the plague and never regained its former size. To-day the population is about 1,700, but, though the administrative centre of the county has been moved to Kendal, Appleby is still the county town of Westmorland and the assize town (the smallest in the country), and it has managed, despite its size, to keep the air and prestige of a capital.

It is easy to miss Appleby if you are in a hurry. It lies just off the Penrith-Scotch Corner road and that is a fast road. The motorist, from either direction, comes down a steep hill to a short level stretch by the River Eden, where there are a few shops and houses, and then up a steep hill and into open country. And that was Appleby: there is a notice that says so. But to see the town you must cross the river.

The detour is well worth while, for the main street, Boroughgate, is surely one of the most charming in Britain. It runs uphill from the Market Place to the Castle gates. This hill, high above a loop in the river, was fortified long before the Normans came and you can still see traces of what were once massive earthworks. The Norman keep (locally known as Cæsar's Tower!), grim and immensely strong, is well-preserved. The nearby castle dates from the seventeenth century. At the bottom of the hill is the parish church of St. Lawrence, a large thirteenth-century building which was restored in 1655. In the middle of the street, just where it begins to climb the hill, is the attractive town hall. All the way up the wide, tree-lined, thoroughfare are picturesque, old-fashioned houses.

I do not know Appleby, a busy and prosperous little place, well enough to know if it is much of a tourist centre. I rather doubt it, though it should be, for all around is some of the finest and emptiest country in Britain. " Go from Appleby over Cross Fell up Wild Boar Scar and down the water to Alston, and you will be as completely cut off from men the whole day long as you could be in the West of Canada." The words are Hilaire Belloc's and they are as true to-day as when they were written. The town is a fishing centre, of course, with one of the best of fishing hotels. And I have been told that it has now become a favourite overnight stop for motorists on their way to the north.

This rather astonishes me, for it is 270 miles from London, which must mean a pretty early start. But I suppose that with modern speeds that distance is just about right. If this is so, then Appleby must already detect, as yet faint and far off, the whisper of the wind of change. As the motorways come, and the long stretches of dual carriage-way, average speeds will increase and overnight stops will be yet farther from London. Indeed, this has already happened in my own experience. Coming from south of London, I used to stop overnight at Boroughbridge. Now A1 is a much faster road and I stop for the night a good deal farther north. This has happened time and again to many towns in the past: as average speeds have increased they have been ignored. But they have survived.

Appleby will be affected less than most. Maybe it will, in the future, cease to be a favourite overnight stop. But, as it is, most motorists pass through the outskirts and never realise that they have not passed through the town. The fishermen will still come and the knowledgeable will still cross the river. Appleby is that sort of place.

R. S. Jagger (Malvern) dives in an attempt to catch J. S. Amor, of Clifton. Amor went on to score 37

A fine piece of fielding by J. G. Goldie (Malvern). The batsman is H. W. H. Alpass

Goldie goes one better, bringing off a brilliant catch to dismiss P. D. Hancorn

G. R. Rawes (in pads) leads Malvern's team from the pavilion

The Clifton team takes the field

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CRICKET

CLIFTON v MALVERN

The fixture between Clifton and Malvern was first played in the years 1905-11, and was revived in 1953. It has always been closely contested, and on July 16, Clifton, the home team this year, won by 74 runs. The luck of the toss went to Malvern, and their captain, G. R. Rawes, put Clifton in to bat. At lunch the score was 87 for six. This was the result of steady bowling and first-class fielding by Malvern. The Clifton captain, A. R. Windows, was not on top form. When he had reached 34 he was caught by Rawes off J. G. Goldie. After lunch Clifton made a determined stand, with H. W. H. Alpass (47), J. S. Amor (37) and A. O. Allen (29) providing the runs to give Clifton a respectable total of 193.

Strong, accurate bowling by Clifton, and in particular by N. St. C. Phillips (four for 8) and S. K. Ali (four for 50), saw Malvern at tea with two wickets down for only 25. M. C. Bailey and R. D. James came together afterwards and for 35 minutes they shared the best batting of the match. Bailey scored 36, and James 35. Then followed a chapter of accidents. Four wickets fell while the score went only from 74 to 78, and R. S. Jagger (19) alone showed any aggression for Malvern in the latter stages of the match.

P. J. Chesterman (Clifton) is bowled by J. R. Evans

Right: A. R. Windows, the Clifton captain, hooks Evans for three, during his innings of 34

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

Many visitors to Cowes Week will have noticed at the Regatta among the large motor yachts, of which there are not all that many these days, the beautiful new *Celandine*. She was only completed by her builders, Camper and Nicholsons, a few weeks ago and I had an opportunity to have a good look at her while she was still at their yard at Southampton. Built to Lloyd's + 100 A.1 classification at a cost reputed to be in six figures, she is nearly a hundred feet long and without a doubt gives the impression of being the dream ship of her owner, and, one might say, of her builders.

From the engineering and shipbuilding point of view she has everything a luxury yacht should have; her engines and capacity give her a range of 3,000 miles at a cruising speed of ten knots; and her handling is made easy by every possible navigational aid, including radar. Ingeniously devised deck spaces provide the owners and guests with comfort and privacy for sunning themselves. Below, the owners' stateroom and the cabins accommodating four guests, the dining room and "lounge" are all equipped with every conceivable convenience and decorated in a style which the builders describe as contemporary. I am not sure if I can agree with this description, but it is certainly lush, and made me feel that I was looking at a wealthy man's house or flat rather than a yacht.

Celandine is fitted with Vosper stabilisers, capable of dealing with a considerable roll. When these had been fitted, she was taken out for special trials to observe their effect. I am told that the way stabilisers are tested in calm water is to "turn them on" and allow them to induce a roll. The trials on this occasion were most startling. A 27-degree roll was produced in a matter of seconds, causing considerable damage below and in the owner's cabin, which made it necessary to return the ship to the builders' yard for repairs. The motor boat was nearly lost from the boat deck, together with the skipper who was standing on her outboard side when she started to move. The trouble was she was on temporary chocks !

I see that *Lutine*, the Lloyd's Yacht Club's 35-ton yawl, has done remarkably well in the Training Ship Race from Oslo (via the Bell Rock Lighthouse off Dundee) to the North Hinder Lightship Vessel near Ostend, a distance of nearly 600 miles. Not only did she win her own class for vessels of under 50 tons, but she was the first ship home by about twelve hours among the whole fleet, including square-rigged and fore- and aft-rigged vessels. It was a gruelling race, with strong headwinds. Her skipper on this occasion was Brian Stewart, one of the most experienced of her roster of about twelve skippers and twelve mates.

I missed *Lutine's* launching early in 1952 at Gosport, because my car was snowed up in London, but I went on board with her designer, Laurent Giles, for her first sailing trials in that Spring, and have been on board on many happy occasions since. In her eight years she has helped the Club to train hundreds of young men and provided Ocean racing for nearly as many. She carries a crew of ten or twelve, and I am told that more than a hundred different people sail in her every year.

Tom Webb, Chief Executive of the Ship and Boat Builders National Federation, tells me that the next Boat Show, which will be for the first time called International instead of National, is over-booked already, in spite of the additional space gained by the use of the whole of the first floor of Earl's Court. He thinks that the show, to be held from January 4 to the 24th, will be the largest in the world.

The new luxury motor yacht, *Celandine*

On board *Lutine*—hoisting the staysail and **below:** getting in the Genoa

Mr. F. G. Iles and Mr. J. R. Buchanan, captain and vice-captain of the club

Alec Alliss, joint professional, with his brother, and Mr. J. R. Stutt, chairman

Right:

Mr. J. D. Bond, secretary; Miss Nesta Ednie, lady captain; Mrs. J. Cooper, Dorset County champion; Mrs. E. Stuart Smith, Dorset County captain; Miss J. Bisgood; Mr. B. L. Bisgood, president

Below:

Mrs. M. Garrett, the Curtis Cup team captain; and Mrs. Sugden, formerly the international player Miss Jane Machin

The green of the second hole. In the far distance is the entrance to Poole harbour

BRITAIN'S GREAT GOLF CLUBS

PARKSTONE

Claimed as one of the best all-the-year-round courses in England, Parkstone is not far from Bournemouth, with views across Poole Harbour and the Purbeck Hills. It was founded in 1910, on land belonging to Lord Wimborne, and has always been fortunate in having a famous professional. In the past R. A. Whitcombe won the Open in 1938, and the present joint professionals are Peter and Alec Alliss. Peter Alliss recently made the course record of 63 (the standard scratch score for the 6,136-yard course is 71).

Since it was laid out, the course has been greatly improved. To-day, it provides excellent golfing in fine surroundings. Several of the holes skirt ornamental lakes usually occupied by swans and wildfowl, and the dry sandy land is covered by gorse, heather and birch and pine trees. The holes themselves present a testing variety of problems. Longest is the eleventh, 510 yards and bogey five: the green is hidden on the top of a small hill and the approach slopes away to the right. There are a number of short holes. Recently a scratch player at Parkstone, Mr. R. G. Peach, holed out in one twice in the same round, while playing in an Inter-Club County Mixed Foursomes. As he and his partner got a two at the seventh, their score for the first three short holes appeared to be a remarkable "one over ones."

Next in this series will be St. George's Hill Golf Club in our issue of August 13.

Below: On the 15th green, Mr. R. Mercer, Mr. G. Lodge, Mr. A. Leigh, Mr. F. G. Iles

TRAVEL

FINISTERE

The "Land's End" of Brittany

By GORDON COOPER

A Breton woman at Concarneau works at her crochet in the open air

A recent journey through Brittany made me realise that it is not only one of the most beautiful regions of France, but is also as fine a holiday area as any in Europe. Especially appealing is its western section: Finistère—"Land's End." It has an indefinable quality that appeals to the heart as much as to the eyes. Moorland and sea coast alike cast their spell upon all but the totally insensitive.

Finistère embraces a considerable length of coast-line, much of it of a rugged character, running from Locquirec on the English Channel (or "La Manche" as the French term it) to Le Pouldu on the Atlantic. Off-shore the most important islands are Batz, Ouessant and Sein—all practically unknown to tourists; while inland there is an unspoiled countryside, preserving still, and steadfastly, its ancient Celtic tongue and original costumes with their quaint white coifs or head-dresses. Dolmens, calvaries, and old manor-houses typify the patience which created them and the care which has preserved them.

Yet Finistère is not a remote land, for its two main centres, Brest (in the north) and Quimper (farther south), can be quite easily reached from St.-Malo or from Paris. St.-Malo, of course, is served by British Railways steamer, and there is also a more rapid air-link (B.E.A. and Eagle Airways).

Where to go? Along the Channel coast there are the small resorts of Locquirec, Carantec and Roscoff, and facing the Atlantic, along its jagged shores, you have the choice of Morgat, Tréboul, Bénodet, Beg-Meil, Concarneau, Port-Manech. Then, for the escapist, I can recommend Brignogan and Aber-Wrack, both on the northern coast, and St.-Guénolé in Cornouaille. My selections are all linked with the availability of comfortable accommodation, and here are my recommendations, those with an asterisk representing special favourites:

Locquirec	...	Bretagne
Carantec...	...	Pors Pol*
Roscoff ...	...	Angleterre*
Morgat ...	...	Kador
Tréboul ...	...	Baie
Bénodet ...	...	Grand*
Beg-Meil...	...	Thalamot
Concarneau	...	Belle Etoile* (3 miles away at Le Cabellou)
Port-Manech	...	Ajoncs d'Or

At Brignogan, there is the Chalet; at Aber-Wrack, the Michelin-starred Balie des Anges*, and at St. Guénolé, the Mer (also with a Michelin star). There is only one warning I must give about hotels in Finistère: fish dishes are a prominent feature of the cuisine, and these embrace lobsters, langoustes, langoustines and oysters (even outside the usual closed months elsewhere).

For touring centres, I would recommend Morlaix, in eastern Finistère, Brest (with its excellent Voyageurs Hotel) for the western sector, and Quimper (Hotel L'Epée). On the three islands I have named only simple inn accommodation is available, but you might find a day's excursion suffices. Batz is easily reached from Roscoff; Ouessant from Brest, but it is only the Sunday sailing (usually packed with excursionists) which makes the round trip in a day, otherwise you must lodge on land for a night; and Sein from Audierne, Pointe du Raz or Douarnenez.

On my own short list of favoured seaside resorts I would name Roscoff, Bénodet, and Concarneau, while off the beaten track I would choose either Aber-Wrack or St.-Guénolé. Roscoff is a delightful place, and the home town of our Breton onion-sellers. It has an interesting church, old houses, and a fascinating aquarium.

Bénodet, on its tree-lined estuary, is an important yachting centre, and an excursion by steamer up the River Odet is rewarding. This is the land, too, where you can see the loveliest Breton head-dresses, and at nearby Fouesnant there is a golf course. St.-Guénolé, to the west, has a splendid beach—but good beaches of fine sand are to be found everywhere in Finistère—and glorious rocks against which the sea dashes in great fury.

Concarneau is beloved of painters, for in its fishing port you will see the famous blue fishing nets, while near by is a tiny walled town, situated on an islet and called the Ville-Clos. But I would prefer to lodge at Le Cabellou, where there are good hotels and a fine bathing beach.

In the interior of this restful countryside you can see many unique religious symbols: a combination of church, ossuary, calvary, and triumphal gate. There is also a cult of fountains, the most famous being at Saint-Anne-d'Auray—also renowned for its Pardon. The French Government Tourist Office (66, Haymarket, S.W.1) can supply a list of these, with their dates. You should certainly plan to attend one of these occasions, for perhaps most striking to the traveller wending his way through Finistère is the deeply original character of its people, who have remained faithful to their past. The Celtic language, for instance, is still spoken there, and especially in that portion known as Cornouaille you will see many points of resemblance in names, habits and customs to our own Cornwall. For a really restful holiday, there is surely no better spot in Europe than in this corner of France.

BRITISH UNITED AIRWAYS

You may not have heard the name of British United Airways before, but this new airline represents the powerful combination of two of the leading independent operators, Airwork and Hunting Clan. Starting on Monday, October 3, B.U.A. will operate, in association with B.O.A.C., Economy and Skycoach services to East and Central Africa. Viscount aircraft with only two seats on either side of the gangway will be used. Fares of the Economy class will be slightly lower than the fares of the present Colonial Coach class, and fares of the Skycoach class will be considerably lower than for the Economy class. For example, the Economy class return fare to Salisbury will be £221 8*s*.—and the Skycoach class fare will be £185 8*s*. To Entebbe the Economy class return fare will be £187 4*s*., while the Skycoach class fare will be £158 8s. The last Colonial Coach class flight charging the old fares will leave London on September 28 and Nairobi on September 29.

It should be emphasised that these fares cannot be combined with international fares. They are known as cabotage, a term used for travel between places under the same flag. They are usually much cheaper than international fares, but can only be applied to a restricted list of destinations. Anyone wishing to travel by air to places in other countries must pay the normal international fare. The same applies to stop-overs. For an example, on the way to Freetown, if you are travelling by Economy class, you can break your journey at Bathurst, but if you want to stay over in Lisbon, you will have to pay the international fare. For the Skycoach class, however, stop-overs will not be allowed at any point and no passenger can book from places in Africa to Malta.

This company's flight of aircraft is quite extensive and includes four Britannias and eleven Viscounts. All three services to East Africa, Central Africa and West Africa will operate from Gatwick, which will be B.U.A.'s main operations headquarters. The destination of the East African service will be Nairobi, calling at Malta and Entebbe. That of the Central African service, Salisbury, again calling at Malta and then Ndola and Lusaka. The West African service goes via Lisbon, Las Palmas, Bathurst, and Freetown to Accra.

From September 2 to 12, in connection with the Leipzig Fair, special daily flights will be operated by K.L.M. from Amsterdam to Leipzig. From September 2 to 7 the plane will leave Amsterdam at 11 o'clock, and from September 8 to 12, at 3.40 in the afternoon. The return journey from Leipzig for the first period mentioned will start at 2.25, arriving in Amsterdam at 4.50. For the second period, the plane will return from Leipzig at 7.5 in the evening.

W. D. C. C.

Surrounded by swirling cloud rises the peak of the Roda di Vael, in the Italian Dolomites. It forms part of the Catináccio chain, whose fantastic rock formations, particularly at sunrise and sunset, provide a scene of extraordinary beauty. The crags are a challenge to rock climbers and the area boasts a variety of difficult ascents. *Right:* A young Italian climber pauses during the ascent of an overhang, part of a climb up the Roda di Vael. This peak is 9,207 ft. high and there is a small hotel lower down, which is used as a base for climbing expeditions. The highest peak of the chain is the Catináccio di Antermoia at 9,856 ft. In German the Catináccio is called Rosengarten, from its colours at sunrise

CLIMBING IN THE DOLOMITES

BOOKS

A COURIER'S TALES

A guide to Victoriana; a biography of Verlaine; and fiction of the week

There are still people who maintain that to visit Europe (or Scandinavia, or England, or practically anywhere else) as a member of a guided motor coach tour is to prove conclusively the onset, or even the last stages, of mental disturbance. These critics are wrong. Every season tourists in their hundreds or, more likely, in their scores of thousands, visit places of beauty and historical interest in this manner and return home satisfied, happy and, above all, sane. The reason seems to be that although their trip may be tiring it does not induce frustrations or inhibitions. If these should arise, there is always a sound and simple way of dealing with them. The tourist has only to complain to the courier or tour conductor. After that, naturally enough, it will be the courier or tour conductor who will suffer and the tourist's pangs will be relieved. I have just read a book which proves this point amply, and very funnily, which is why I am able to speak with such authority.

BE GUIDED BY ME (Michael Joseph. 15s.) has been written by M. Guy Abécassis and crisply translated from the original French by Claire Delavenay. It is funny, it is illuminating and it is alarming. The wonder is that M. Abécassis continues, as he does, in his vocation, because work of this nature cannot possibly be called a profession. It includes too many hazards and too many moments of mental and physical stress to be the chosen work of any but a dedicated man. Consider, for instance, the case of the college girls from Boston who drove three couriers distracted before the author was sent out to Rome to deal with them, quite early in their tour. Mose, the illustrator of this amusing volume, has revealingly drawn them as a posse of leopards and tigers waiting for their prey in the lobby of their hotel. M. Abécassis was able to break their proud New England sense of fun but at what a cost. And consider, too, the cases of the inevitable Miss Rose (there is one on every tour, apparently) who is always late, always losing passports, and always sunny natured. She must be one of the greatest crosses of all. But all the adventures have their droll side if, and I repeat *if*, one can read about them in a civilised and static book such as this and not endure them in the course of an exhausting day or an even more exhausting evening when the hotel has provided seventeen rooms for forty-eight tourists and not one of these rooms has a view ! I found this book a delight—and a warning.

Mrs. Violet Wood is another kind of guide and the region she leads us to is more remote than any to be found by train or charabanc: the Victorian Age. VICTORIANA (Bell. 30s.) is, in fact, a collector's guide and the lady who has compiled it is a founder member of the Victorian section in the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. In her book Mrs. Wood explains not only the uses and purposes of the heterogeneous objects loosely classed together as Victoriana, but shows the hitherto uninstructed reader what beauty, or, alternatively, what solid or exquisite workmanship may be found in some of the bric-a-brac, the furniture, glass, lace or ceramics which she describes and, luckily for us, illustrates with photographs. On the subject of posy-holders, as one example, she has some delightful things to say and it is interesting to know that they were one of the targets of Queen Mary's fine collector's sense. Furniture, as Mrs. Wood explains, is growing rarer because so much of it has been taken abroad and so much of the rest altered, bleached, cut down and so on that not even the most rewarding markets or auction sales can always provide a good piece. I much enjoyed the chapter on glass which not only taught me a great deal but reaffirmed the fact that the Victorian period was a great age for English glass-blowers as it was for the designers and makers of pottery and fine china. Altogether a book of many attractions.

DAME MARGOT FONTEYN presents the Queen Elizabeth II Coronation Award to Dame Ninette de Valois, Governor of the Royal Ballet, who received it on behalf of Robert Helpmann. The award is made annually to those who most aid British ballet. Dame Margot Fonteyn flew back from Crete, where she was on holiday with her husband, Dr. Arias, to attend the annual meeting of the Royal Academy of Dancing

THE FORGOTTEN KING *and Other Essays* (Constable. 12s. 6d.) could be hailed as a dear little book or a perfect bedside book—and most certainly will be—if only for its enchanting format which seems to belong to an earlier day and has provided a volume some seven inches by four-and-a-half, and about an inch in thickness. This is a size which fits readily into the hand, though having more presence than an actual pocket book. So much for the appearance, and now for the content—this is made up of forty brief essays by the biographer, Mr. Derek Hudson, each of them a complete vignette and nearly all of them sketches of some of the lesser known figures of the past, whether it be the subject of the title essay, William IV of England, who was once called "such a *cheerful* king," or Aphra Behn, or the Victorian taxidermist whose masterpiece was "The Kittens' Wedding," or understandably in the context, the dodo. There are also more

ART PATRON EXTRAORDINARY

The autobiography of Peggy Guggenheim

There are no two ways about it. Peggy Guggenheim is the patron extraordinary of twentieth-century art, willing and eager to collect works that are diametrically opposed in spirit and form, even though they seem to be alike in their radical strangeness. This is all particularly odd, for Peggy Guggenheim is a pupil of the great Berenson, and her earliest love was Italian Renaissance painting. In the late thirties her interests changed, when she opened an *avant garde* gallery in London; during the Second World War she realised her vision and in New York she fostered what is now accepted as the formidable new American school. Peggy Guggenheim's book CONFESSIONS OF AN ART ADDICT (André Deutsch. 21s.) traces her career in this controversial field, starting as she did as a rather brash amateur.

Peggy Guggenheim writes amusingly of her many and varied experiences, of Tancredi, one of her protégés, who used to drive the servants crazy by walking all over the house with his feet covered in paint of every conceivable colour, and of many another bizarre and extravagant character. Summing up her views this leading lady of the *avant garde* clearly does not like the art of the 1960's. The twentieth century has already produced enough. Indeed we should not expect any more, content with all that is good from Picasso to Pollock and leave it at that. One thing is quite certain; that Peggy Guggenheim is qualified to write upon this vast theme. She does so with gusto, brilliance, and what many may feel is a pretty fair judgment.

That accomplished journalist Vernon Bartlett has now produced a second set of memoirs. His sequel to *This is My Life* has the forward-looking title AND NOW, TOMORROW (Chatto and Windus. 21s.), and when one considers that the author is now eligible for his old-age pension, we can appreciate that here is a man who has neither lost his enthusiasms nor his sympathetic curiosity about the world. Mr. Bartlett, an ardent League of Nations and United Nations man, devotes some thought to the Suez crisis, and he clearly reveals his shock and disappointment at Eden's uncharacteristic line. Despite such sombre reflections this is a cheerful book, and a wide-ranging one; for even in Mr. Bartlett's pre-jet journalistic heyday ace reporters moved with breathtaking speed across the globe from China to Northern Rhodesia, Baltimore to London.

Bernard Grzimek, the distinguished curator of the Frankfurt Zoo, and his son, the late Michael Grzimek, who was killed when a vulture flew into the wing of his plane, are the joint authors of one of the finest books produced on the subject of big game and its survival in Africa. SERENGETI SHALL NOT DIE (Hamish Hamilton. 30s.) is a survey of the great area of Central Africa on the northern borders of Tanganyika. This still possesses to-day within its 6000 square miles the largest concentration of wild animals in the world. It lies astride a major migration route, and to see these hordes in motion is one of the most remarkable sights in Africa. The authors pose the problem of Serengeti, and ask that here in this one spot animal life should enjoy priority over man. If it is not to be thus, Dr. Grzimek and his son indicate that only tragedy lies ahead for the Serengeti.

Oswell Blakeston has a rare old time introducing us to the sights and sounds of the Six Counties that are Northern Ireland. THANK YOU NOW (Anthony Blond. 25s.) sticks to no clear-cut rules. The author is enchanted with the vagaries and eccentricities of this delightful land, and is ever ready to digress. He sums it all up by saying here is a land crowded with interest for the sportsman, the pub-goer, the archæologist, the pot-holer.

Major R. Money Barnes, one of our better known military historians, deals with the period from 1742 to the present time in his latest volume MILITARY UNIFORMS OF BRITAIN AND THE EMPIRE (Seeley, Service. 42s.). Of special interest are the author's accounts of units formed in colonial America and in the Commonwealth countries. A lavish use of coloured illustrations adds to the value of this important piece of research.

R. C. E.

contemporary pieces, such as a review of David Low's work and talent, or some reflections on seeing young Prince Charles out for an airing in his pram. Bedside or no bedside, I predict that this little book will remain one of my favourite standbys.

To write the biography of such a storm-tossed, irrational, gifted yet miserable being as the poet Verlaine can never be an easy thing to attempt, but Mr. Rogier Van Aerde has succeeded, in THE POOR WEDDING GUEST —*The Passionate Life of Paul Verlaine* (Heinemann. 21s.), in writing sensitively and even profoundly about his subject and in re-creating the man and his period with great vividness. The great paradox in the poet, the contrast between his personal life of chronic alcoholism, dirt and depravity and the exquisite limpidity of most of his poetry is one which Mr. Van Aerde tackles and, insofar as one human being can explain the dichotomy of another, makes clear. On one level his biography is good, straightforward, factual record; on another, it is a psychological study of some power. The result is an unusually acute and finely drawn portrait.

Verlaine was born in 1848 and died in utter misery at the age of fifty-two. In that span he had been married, had behaved with conspicuous cowardice during the siege of Paris, had fallen fanatically and disastrously in love with the young poet, Rimbaud, had shot and wounded him as a result of Rimbaud's desertion, had been imprisoned, had—fantastically—been a schoolmaster in England and, as the fame of his poetry reached the world, had declined into alcoholism and destitution. Indeed, but for his poetry, his whole life could be said to be a disaster, but the fact of his poetry is as true as the sordid facts of his life and it is his poetry that lives and will live. In many ways Mr. Van Aerde has done the reader a service in exposing the sum of Verlaine's weaknesses and in pointing the contrast between them and his great talent. He has encouraged us to turn again to the poems themselves and that is the essential tribute to Verlaine.

When people begin to speak of a series of novels as being an institution there is always the possibility that they are also beginning to be something of a bore. We all know those authors who have had an immense success with a group of characters and have happily and, to themselves, logically declared that one can't have too much of a good thing, churning out implacably, in consequence, an endless succession of sagas each dependent on the one before it for enjoyment—or understanding. We all know these dogged authors, as I say, and so it is all the more gratifying to be able to say that, sixteen books about one family notwithstanding, Miss Mazo de la Roche is *not* of their number. The Canadian household of Jalna that she has created is now as fully documented, one would have thought, as any fictional family could possibly be, and yet each new book in the series has something fresh and something delightful about it. There is no trace of staleness, for instance, about Miss de la Roche's new volume, MORNING AT JALNA (Macmillan. 15s.), and I do sincerely recommend it to all those who have followed the Whiteoak family through their pretty adventurous history. What is more, I would even happily recommend it to anyone who had never heard of the Whiteoaks, if there exists such a one.

MR. ENGEL'S EYE (Gollancz. 15s.) is a charming book of short stories about a middle-aged American couple travelling in Europe, and if ever one was pleased to make a couple's acquaintance it is the case with these two. I even found myself wishing I could have followed the same itinerary so as to overhear some of their conversations. Miss Patricia Collinge has great delicacy of touch, and a warmth that is a welcome contrast to much of the slickness or the acerbity of American short-story writing.

Vernon Fane

NEW BACK-CLOTH FOR COVENT GARDEN

The long package containing the Royal Opera House's new cyclorama is manœuvred with the help of two cranes on its arrival at Covent Garden. It was necessary to remove a lamp-post in order to get the long roll of canvas inside. Measuring 61 ft. high and 125 ft. long, the new back-cloth will enclose the full working stage area. It was expected to take two weeks to place in position and will not be used before the opera season in the autumn. It will be seen in the production of Wagner's *Das Rheingold* starting on September 16

THE OPEN-AIR SEASON IN REGENT'S PARK

In a scene from *Tobias and the Angel*, by James Bridie, are Alan Judd as the Archangel Raphael, Russell Thorndike as Tobit, and Michael Picardie as Tobias. The comedy, directed by Robert Atkins, has proved as effective in the open air as Shakespearean comedy, and the actors have been praised for their fine speaking

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

A. S. Dick

The managing director of Standard-Triumph International Limited has been photographed in front of the new extension to the firm's works at Coventry. This will be the most modern car assembly hall in Britain; it will contain all the various processes of car assembly and is due in operation in September.

Alick Sydney Dick was born at Massingham, in Norfolk, in June 1916. At 44, he is the youngest managing director of the Big Six of motor manufacturers. The son of a doctor, he was educated at Chichester High School and Dean Close, Cheltenham, and joined Standard as an apprentice in 1934. He entered the Purchase Department and was later appointed chief buyer to the shadow factories. He became production control engineer for the Banner Lane Aero Engine factory, and then at Canley, in connection with the production of Mosquito aircraft. In 1945 he was appointed personal assistant to Sir John Black and joined the Board in 1947. He became managing director in 1954. Mr. Dick is also on the board of a number of associated companies, in Britain and overseas. He is a past president of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, and of the Coventry Chamber of Commerce. Married, with three sons, Mr. Dick lives at the Old Farm House, Hill Wootton, Warwickshire, where he farms a small acreage of land. He is an enthusiastic sportsman, favouring real tennis, lawn tennis and squash rackets. Mr. Dick spends some of his spare time in Pembrokeshire, where he keeps his 42-ft. cruiser *Betsie Jane* in the Milford Haven estuary

A POWERFUL TANGLE OVERHEAD

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

When I switched on a light in Hampstead rather early on Tuesday morning to begin writing this article the chances were that the extra electricity to light the lamp—though any unit of power is of course in practice unidentifiable—was supplied by a power station in the Midlands. In the early morning, before most homes or even most factories begin to take any power at all, electricity demand in Britain is down to the "base load," the general minimum level of demand that is required all round the clock. This is supplied by the stations that can offer it most cheaply—at the present moment by the cluster of very big new power stations that have recently come into operation on the coalfield areas around Birmingham. Generally speaking summer week-end nights take less electricity out of the British power system than any other time in the year, and August Bank Holiday week-end perhaps least of all—possibly less than 3,000,000 kilowatts, against, say, 25,000,000 kilowatts of demand on the coldest winter morning or evening of the year. So during these nights of minimum annual demand, all the power the country wants can be supplied most economically by very few of these big stations; and at such times, in spite of the low demand on the generation system, quite substantial use will be made of the country's electricity transmission system—the grid and super-grid.

The original electricity grid, planned and brought into operation by about the beginning of the '30's, was essentially the first step to operating the British electricity system on a national scale. It has made a very considerable contribution to providing electricity at reasonable prices, rising less than those of almost any other kind of fuel, right round the country. But its construction was then, as the construction of its supplement and partial successor the super-grid is now, an issue over which the electricity planners encountered more opposition from individuals, local groups and national organisations than almost any other (until, recently, they began to build nuclear power stations in nature conservancies). And this opposition is not an unsophisticated one arising from unfamiliarity, which can be allayed as people become used to the power transmission system. It is an opposition which seems likely to be intensified as the standard of living of the British people goes on rising, and the standards of amenity we demand rises with it—in spite of the fact that few things continue to contribute more to that rising standard of living than freely available electricity.

Not the least of the innovations that Sir Christopher Hinton has brought to the management of the country's electricity supply industry, since he became Chairman of the Central Electricity Generating Board, has been a genuinely sympathetic concern with the objections that people raise to having power pylons striding across the bottom of their back gardens, or nuclear stations built just where they thought they might get back to nature. Nobody in such a position nowadays could ignore these objections, which have become an automatic part of the whole process of planning in power supply. One, ordinarily, has to allow up to three years of negotiation over the route of a new main transmission line that will take, say, two years actually to construct. But many excellent people in this industry look upon it not one whit less fanatically than the most fervent of organised nature-lovers: to them ever-plentiful electricity, doubling in demand every ten years as a law of divine providence, is as much an end in itself as is "saving our country from spoliation" to the hairiest-kneed of bird-watchers.

Sir Christopher Hinton, arriving from outside this industry to run it, has had the peculiar virtue of being able to appreciate both kinds of fanaticism without becoming overcome by either. He accepted the problem of amenity as of central importance (comparable, he has said, to the better-publicised task of introducing nuclear power into the British electricity system, and, of course, in part linked to it). What he or anyone else can do about it, technically, is another matter. Objections to the stringing of transmission lines across the country or the building of power stations in remote, uninhabited areas tend to come from local authorities, planning officers, landowners, or national bodies such as the National Parks Commission. But behind these formalised patterns of objection Sir Christopher has recognised the urban population's hankering to regain contact with the countryside:

> The only consolation of the town-dweller lies in escape at week-ends or holidays into a countryside where he is away from man-made works which are of such a scale and concentration as to oppress him with a sense of domination; and he sees this escape becoming, yearly, more difficult.

Whether or not the giant pylons crossing the valleys have a certain gaunt grandeur in themselves, to the average man "they are (consciously or subconsciously) the tentacles of industrialisation creeping out into a countryside which he would prefer to keep free from industrialisation, and giving a constant reminder of the continuous spread and growth of that industrialisation."

Technically, there are no easy answers to these objections. At every inquiry, somebody suggests that the transmission lines in his particular neighbourhood should be put underground instead of being strung overhead. This can be done: but economics tell strongly against it. A 275-kV double circuit overhead line, the normal link now being built on the super-grid, costs about £25,000 a mile. To put this underground would cost about £300,000-400,000 a mile. The difference arises first from the sheer size of the conductor needed. To pass this amount of current along any line generates heat through the resistance of the conductor; this is dissipated more easily by the air surrounding an overhead cable than through the necessary insulation and earth cover surrounding an underground cable. Air insulation, again, is more economical than the various layers of paper, lead sheathing, bronze tape, hessian, rubber or plastic which makes an underground cable about 4 ins. thick against the inch or so needed overhead.

There are six pairs of conductors on a double-circuit super-grid connection; a corresponding underground connection, using twelve spaced cables, would require the digging of a trench 10 ft. wide all along the route, with much more complex jointing operations and the provision of control equipment for the oil or gas used within the cable to improve insulating qualities. In operation, moreover, such an underground cable would require a much greater "charging current" (this is the power required to charge the line and make it deliver power at the other end, comparable in a sense with the amount of oil that one has to put into and maintain in a pipeline to achieve a flow at the other end); and this would require special compensation equipment at intervals along an underground line. Widespread use of "undergrounding," the C.E.G.B. claims, might put up our electricity bills by 15-20 per cent.

The best improvement that one can hope for from technical development of power transmission, indeed, may be fewer and more powerful transmission lines. (One could, perhaps, run the grid as far as possible through built-up areas, but would the urban population stand for this?) The present grid system operates at a voltage of 132 kV (132,000 volts). The super-grid, now being completed, has been built for a voltage of 275 kV; climate and atmospheric factors militated against jumping to a higher voltage until fuller experience had been gained, though in Sweden, even when the super-grid was first planned, 380-kV lines were being used to move hydro-electric power. Quite a number of the towers for major connections on Britain's super-grid, however, have been built to carry 380-kV conductors later if required.

In Britain, to-day, the intention is that further development of transmission—which is inevitable as demand for electricity rises all round the country—should use voltages of, say, 500 kV. Such lines could have about four times the transmission capacity of the present 275-kV lines, though higher towers would be required. The result would be that as demand for extra transmission capacity grows, the use of higher-voltage conductors over the same towers would allow for this without any increase in the number of lines or towers.

Leaving amenity on one side, the technical and economic pattern of electricity transmission in Britain is at present somewhat interlocked with doubts and hopes about the future techniques of generation. The original grid was not built to move large blocks of power round the country; it provided sufficient inter-connection capacity to make the most economical use of the generating capacity inside each of seven major areas, with links for occasional small-scale transfers of power. The super-grid was planned after the war to supplement this when the pattern of generation seemed likely to be one of making additional power cheaply on the coalfields of the Midlands and Yorkshire, and moving the extra power to areas of major consumption such as London, because it is cheaper to move electricity, even over the fairly short distances involved, than to move coal.

A bulk transmission network, planned to move power primarily from power stations grouped in the centre of the country outwards to areas of consumption, did not entirely suit the changed pattern of generation which was coming into the planners' minds by the time the first 275-kV lines began to be constructed. This provided for a peripheral development of nuclear generating capacity sited mainly round the coasts of the country; at first a small part of the country's capacity, but a growing one peculiarly suitable for base load likely to provide quite a high proportion of actual electricity supplies. Some of the transmission routes in the super-grid pattern were therefore modified to fit the location of the first nuclear stations which, though not on the coalfields, are also fairly remote from consumption areas. These stations, with their very low running costs, will need to carry an exceptional proportion of the load at off-peak times such as night and week-ends. Later, uncertainties about the cost of nuclear power as compared with conventional, affecting the amount of each it may become economic to build, and hence the location of one's main blocks of generating capacity, must affect the future planning of transmission lines to move that power. In five or ten years' time, therefore, the electricity to light a room in Hampstead early one summer morning may come from Bradwell or Dungeness rather than from, say, Drakelow or High Marnham. It will still have to come by way of a grid, however "super-super" that may have become in the meantime.

In the Triplex optical grinding and polishing department at King's Norton, a triple automatic machine is polishing aircraft windows. These windows have to withstand temperatures as low as minus 70 deg. Centigrade, and in high-flying, long-range passenger aircraft, are subjected to high fuselage pressures. In addition there is the danger of birds to contend with. The windows have to be able to resist the impact of birds weighing up to 4 lb., when an aircraft is flying at about 400 m.p.h. Other windows, for fighter aircraft, may have to be bullet-proof, and without optical defects which might affect the sighting of guns. Triplex also make windows for aircraft which obviate the dangers of icing- and misting-up. A recent development in this field is gold-film glass

ADOLF MORATH PHOTOGRAPHS

TRIPLEX

at the King's Norton factory, Birmingham

A checker loads crates of laminated curved safety-glass windscreens, which have been pre-stressed, into an autoclave. This is a high-pressure vessel with a door arranged like the breech of a gun. After the door has been closed, air is pumped in at 100 lb. per sq. in. The heating process continues until the required temperature inside the autoclave is reached. The cooling which follows has to be slow, so that the glass does not crack. On removal from the autoclave the glass is a finished piece of laminated Triplex, requiring only edge-finishing, inspection, and trade marking by the sand-blasting method

Left: This curved safety-glass rear window (which is used in certain makes of luxury cars) is being prepared by a skilled operator. She is laying in the glass minutely fine wires, each 1,000th of an inch in diameter; the wires, which are laid in bands of 80 to the inch, are later embedded in the interlayer. The wires do not obstruct vision at all, and when warmed by electricity, melt ice and frost which accumulate on the outside of the window in cold weather

Right: All glass has to be cut to shape before the toughening process is carried out, because afterwards it is impossible to grind or cut it. For some glasses, such as windscreens, a slight bevel round the periphery of the glass is sufficient. Others have their edges polished in automatic polishing machines. The picture shows a corner of a glass panel being finished by hand after removal from the polishing machines

at the King's Norton factory

TRIPLEX

Freedom from distortion is very important in aircraft windows. Here a finished panel from the pilot's cabin of a Javelin aircraft is photographed against a calibrated screen to make sure that visibility is clear and natural

Below: The "sandwich" stage in the production of laminated safety glass. After the assembly of two pieces of glass and the interlayer, the laminated screens are passed between electric heaters and rubber rollers. The glass is only partially clear at this point because full adhesion has not taken place. The screens are then put into an autoclave to complete the adhesion

Cutting special tinted Vinal interlayers to size for television screens. An interlayer is incorporated in the screen as a safety measure against the breaking of the television tube. It also improves viewing in daylight. The assembly of the tinted interlayers takes place in an air-conditioned room, in which the humidity is maintained at not more than 30 per cent. This is necessary to ensure that no dust or grit becomes lodged between the interlayer and the screen while they are being put together

In 1927 Henry Ford was involved in a motor accident in which he was cut by broken glass. The Triplex Safety Glass Company Limited (of Willesden) sent him a telegram which ended: "Fit Triplex and be safe." Seven months later a contract was signed for Triplex to be a standard fitting on all Ford cars in America. The following year, Triplex opened a factory at King's Norton, Birmingham. To-day it is their main factory, where all types of glass are handled, and a certain amount of research is carried out. Since the factory was built, great progress has been made in the production of safety glass, and the methods have been modernised to keep pace with new developments. At the present time 1,200 men and women are employed at King's Norton, and the output of glass has reached 14,000,000 sq. ft. annually. (This figure includes all types of glass produced at the factory.)

Basically, there are two types of safety glass: toughened, and laminated. Toughened glass is the type frequently used for car windscreens, and Triplex manufacture the safety glass for the majority of cars made in the United Kingdom. This toughened glass will shatter under a heavy impact, but the resulting fragments are very small, and comparatively harmless. The principle underlying the Triplex method of toughening glass consists of heating a sheet of glass, already cut to shape and size, to its softening point, and then chilling it on both sides simultaneously with compressed air. This pre-stressing of the glass increases its strength so that it is about five or six times as strong as ordinary glass. Also, there is far less likelihood of its fracturing than ordinary glass. With flat glasses, the method is to suspend them in a furnace until the required temperature, between 600 deg. and 700 deg. Centigrade, is reached. The glass is then withdrawn as quickly as possible, and compressed air is blown on to it. The conditions of the furnace are strictly controlled, and the conditions vary with the thickness and shape of the glass. When broken, toughened glass should produce sixty (or a few more) particles to every 4 sq. ins. Test glasses are broken from every shift to ensure that the standard is maintained.

Laminated glass is of a "sandwich" construction. In early days of production, the centre of the "sandwich" was celluloid; but this material had the disadvantage that it was liable to turn brown when exposed to sunlight. Triplex have overcome this difficulty by using a material called Vinal. (The chemical name is poly-vynil-butyral.) A sheet of this is laid between two sheets of thin glass. The whole passes through a series of electric heaters and rubber rollers to bring about preliminary adhesion. Finally the "sandwich" is put into an autoclave, where further heating takes place; and then it is gradually cooled. When complete, laminated glass will not shatter, except under an extremely violent impact. It may crack as a result of a blow, but the interlayer of Vinal holds the panel together, and eliminates the danger of the glass splintering.

Although Triplex safety glass is particularly associated with the motor-car industry, it has a large number of other applications. The most important of these is its use for aircraft windows. In this connection, Triplex were faced with the problem of icing- and misting-up of windows. As an answer they made first (and still make) a large number of hollow, or air space, panels which prevent the external cold from penetrating into the cockpit. This solved the problem of internal misting-up, but had no real effect on ice on the outside. This particular difficulty was resolved by the introduction of Triplex electrically-wired panels. Fine resistance wires are laid in the interlayer, and when a current is passed through them, they are capable of melting the accumulated ice and frost.

Triplex safety glass is used also in television sets, pressure windows on vacuum chambers, windows for atomic processes, and for smaller articles such as protective goggles and sunglasses. As well as their factory at King's Norton, Triplex have safety-glass works at Willesden, in London, and Eccleston, at St. Helens, Lancashire.

The technician is carrying out intensive refrigeration tests on a gold-film Triplex window designed for the cabin of a Comet aircraft. Under this recently developed system, a film of gold, so thin (two ten-millionths of an inch) that it is quite transparent, is deposited on the inner surface of the laminated glass. It does not affect normal vision in any way, nor does it glitter, but it can carry power inputs of over 600 watts per square foot. This new method of clearing ice and mist from windows is rapidly being adopted in many of Britain's latest types of aircraft. During the prolonged test the technician notes the reaction of the glass to the sub-zero temperatures. The clear area of window seen is approximately the pilot's view through a gold-film screen under icy conditions

All Triplex glass has to pass intensive tests before use. The amount of distortion allowed in an aircraft panel is very small, and is specified by the aircraft manufacturers. The bullet-resistant panel seen in the picture is being studied on an adjustable apparatus which simulates conditions of flight

Left: Another part of the checking phase—in this instance of toughened safety glass. During the final inspection, glasses are first checked for size; they then pass down a conveyor belt to be given a test blow by an automatic hammer (foreground). This corresponds to the impact of a 1¾-lb. steel ball falling from a height of 4½ ft. The glasses next pass through a darkened cabinet where they are examined to see that the stress induced by the toughening process is uniform. Only if the glass meets all these requirements is the Triplex trade mark sand-blasted onto it

MOTORING

OVERDRIVE DIFFICULTIES

The first outing of Bluebird, at Goodwood

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

It took me a long time to get used to the semi-automatic transmission on the new Austin A99 Westminster. The standard model, which costs £1,149 including £810 tax, has a synchro-mesh box with three speeds, a Borg-Warner overdrive unit operating on the two top ratios and a free-wheel device. You can ring the changes on four of the car's five ratios with only one movement of the gear lever (second to top). You can make a standing start in second gear and accelerate to 90 m.p.h. without further use of the gear lever. It sounds simple enough, but to me it was all rather complicated and on the car I used for a 750-mile road test the gear lever itself was stiff and woolly. I should have enjoyed driving this fine 2·9-litre, 6-cylinder five-seat saloon much more had it been equipped with a floor-mounted lever and Laycock-de Normanville overdrive manually controlled by a simple switch.

I realise this is a personal preference with which many motorists may disagree, and I must admit that when I compared notes with a friend who has owned a Westminster for some months he was almost ecstatic about the car's gear-box. He assured me he can almost play tunes on it and he could not understand my dislike of the kick-down method of over-riding the automatic overdrive when a lower ratio is needed quickly. I have always thought it to be a crude, unnatural act to press hard on the accelerator pedal to change gear—especially if you need the lower ratio for braking.

On the Westminster you can eliminate the overdrive by pulling out a handle under the parcel shelf, but this can only be done if the car is stationary; if the engine is pulling in normal drive on either second or top gear; if you kick down on the accelerator pedal when the car is in overdrive or free-wheeling; or if you depress the accelerator slightly when driving at less than 27 m.p.h. Try explaining *that* to your maiden aunt ! It 's all a bit confusing and I think the Westminster's otherwise excellent handbook should contain a much clearer description of how to use the overdrive. This would be just the job for Mr. Laurence Pomeroy.

It should explain, for instance, that when the overdrive device has been made operative by pushing in the dashboard control the over-drive ratios are selected by a centrifugal switch on the gear-box governed by the car's speed.

The book should make it clear that the car is never ready to use overdrive until it has reached a speed of 32 m.p.h. and that to engage the higher, petrol-saving ratio it is necessary to lift your foot off the accelerator momentarily. Listen carefully and you will hear a little click when the speedometer needle reaches the 32 mark. This indicates that the car is ready to go into over-drive. It would be helpful if a little indicator light were put on the dash to convey this information or to show when the car is in overdrive.

I am sorry to be so critical of this one feature of the Westminster, but I must also say that when you are in overdrive the car free-wheels when you lift your foot on approaching a bend, and if you are going fast you miss the braking assistance normally given by the compression of the engine. With the other overdrive system, which is probably more expensive, you can get a very useful degree of braking by simply moving the overdrive switch to get direct drive — however fast you are travelling. I hasten to say, in spite of these comments, that the Westminster is an excellent car which I enjoyed driving, especially on long fast runs, whether or not I had a heavy load.

I found that top speed is around 98 m.p.h., you can accelerate through the gears from zero to 50 m.p.h. in 14 seconds and an 80 m.p.h. cruising speed can be maintained effortlessly on M1. The 2,912-c.c. engine, with twin carburettors and a compression ratio of 8·3 to 1, delivers 112 b.h.p. at 4,750 r.p.m. and does about 23 miles on a gallon of petrol in normal use. The 10¾-in. Lockheed disc brakes on the front wheels and rear-wheel drums of generous size give a tremendous feeling of confidence, increased by the provision of an indicator on the fascia which lights up to give warning of loss of vacuum in the braking system. Brakes are servo-assisted and there is a pressure-limiting valve to reduce the risk of the rear wheels locking during heavy deceleration. The A99 is a big car which gives a really comfortable ride and is so easy to control that you get the impression you are in a much smaller vehicle.

The standard model of the Austin A99 Westminster has semi-automatic transmission

It was announced almost exactly a year ago. The British Motor Corporation's Wolseley 6/99, which costs £106 more, including tax, is really a de luxe version with a different radiator. You can have a Borg-Warner automatic gear-box on either for about £70 extra.

The turning circle on the Westminster is 40 ft. That of Donald Campbell's £1,500,000 *Bluebird* is 135 ft. ! I learned this from Mr. Campbell when I went to the Duke of Rich-mond's Goodwood motor-racing circuit to see Mr. Campbell try out his 4-ton, 500-m.p.h. monster for the first time. The reason for that big turning circle (the Triumph Herald goes round in only 25 ft.) is that *Bluebird's* front wheels turn through an angle of only 9 degrees. No wonder many people were surprised at the choice of Goodwood for the huge car's first handling tests.

The fact is that only low-speed tests were contemplated, and before he actually drove *Bluebird* for the first time he was towed round the track to make certain the car could safely negotiate the corners on which racing models carry out such exciting manœuvres. Two Land-Rovers were used for this operation. One pulled *Bluebird.* The other followed behind, linked to the big blue car by a long cable, ready to pull it back in an emergency. With a gaggle of private cars following behind, it was an odd-looking procession. *Bluebird's* wheels are enormous, measuring 52 ins. in diameter over the bald, tightly-pumped tyres.

Main object of the Goodwood tests was to rehearse the drills for starting *Bluebird,* changing the wheels, refuelling and changing the pads on the disc brakes. During the actual speed runs on the Bonneville Salt Flats the Land-Rovers we saw at Goodwood will be stationed at opposite ends of the measured course to act as service vehicles. Their job will be to assist in the turn-round at the end of each run. They are equipped with hydraulic winches, long-range fuel tanks, tropical roofs, air compressors, generators, alternators, hydro-electric power jacks and inter-com. radios. The Rover Company is one of seventy British firms who have co-operated in building *Bluebird* over the last 5½ years. Among them are Rubery-Owen, B.P., Dunlop, Lucas, Girling, and Bristol-Siddeley (who supplied the 4,250 b.h.p. Proteus turbine engine). *Bluebird's* target is to beat the late John Cobb's 394·2 m.p.h. record, and Campbell hopes to make his first run at Bonneville on September 5.

Briefly . . . Answer to a reader: Two driving mirrors are compulsory on estate cars. One must go outside (driver's side). The other can go on the other side or inside. . . . Britain's official vehicle-testing stations will be opened on September 12 for voluntary check-ups. Date for compulsory inspection of ten-year-olds is not yet fixed. . . . Latest press-button Holt product is a silicone-based rubber lubricant with which you can spray squeaking fanbelts and rubber-bushed shackles. Six shillings a tin. . . .

The Autolevel oil check is a device which gives an indication on the dashboard when your engine sump needs topping up. It is worked by a vent hole in a dip-tube which replaces the normal dip-stick: 25s. . . . Exide take the drudgery out of battery topping-up with their new Auto-fil model. Remove the cover which takes the place of the usual six plugs and pour in the distilled water, which finds its proper level in all six cells. Only 2s. 6d. more than standard batteries. . . . Pat Moss and Ann Wisdom, Britain's most successful car rally team, irrespective of sex, have been presented with Lambretta scooters by the makers as a tribute to their skill. . . .

MAIDEN VOYAGE

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HOLIDAY READING

H. E. Bates

his new and happiest of novels

WHEN THE GREEN WOODS LAUGH *(12/6)*

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK. With present-day ease of travel—cars, scooters, coaches and trains—how difficult it is to get off the beaten track where for a few days one can escape from the stresses and strain of everyday life.

Yet there are such hideaways at the end of the road and not necessarily on the edge of the beyond.

One day in June last my wife turned off the traffic-infested Dover/Deal/Thanet road for St. Margaret's Bay. Almost immediately the sound and the fury were left behind and within a couple of miles or so we came to the straggling village street of St. Margaret-at-Cliffe. Shortly after we turned left down Granville Road, which brought us to our goal, *The Granville Hotel*, perfectly poised 400 ft. high above St. Margaret's Bay.

Sheltered from the north and north-east, in a rich oasis of flowering shrubs and pines, there is no clue to its beauteous position until one steps inside its terrace bar, restaurant or, better still, one's sea-view bedroom.

We frankly do not know of any finer view on the South Coast. The panorama of seascape is picturesquely broken by a majestic "outpost" of the "white cliffs of Dover" falling sheer to the water edge. To port and starboard, one views by day and night a constant kaleidoscope of shipping, cross-Channel steamers, tankers, tramps and last, but by no means least, ocean-going liners, which on certain tides come so close inshore that the strains of the ships' orchestra dance over the waves.

With such a sheltered, sunny and spectacular position one could forgive any hotel imperfections, but under the able and experienced ownership of Mr. and Mrs. C. Graeme Horspool, we found much to praise. Entering, we were quick to notice the shipshape polish of entrance hall, corridors and cloakrooms. The two lounges (television in one), dining-room and terrace bar were all appropriately furnished in keeping with their requirements, and from the meals we sampled it was clear that experience was behind the scenes in kitchen and cellar.

Though one's first reaction on settling down in the *Granville* may be to eat, sleep and sit fascinated by passing shipping, those brimful of energy will not find St. Margaret's Bay a base lacking in possibilities. Bathing, boating, sea fishing, riding and cliff walks are some of the items on the daily bill of fare, while golfers are in clover, being able to choose from Kingsdown, Sandwich, Royal St. George's and Princes, and the Royal Cinque Ports course at Deal.

Off the beaten track? Not really, for London is 77 miles (good train service to Martin Mill), Dover is 5 miles and Deal 6.

Tucked away in South Devon is *Bovey House*, Beer, which should delight all lovers of an historic background, furnishings in character, a relaxed atmosphere and modern comforts.

Bovey House certainly has its roots deeply bedded in history. Reputed to have been built in the twelfth century, it belonged to the Abbots of Sherborne until the dissolution of the monasteries; and then became part of Catherine Parr's fortune. Yet it is with the present, in its role of an hotel, that we are mainly concerned.

The house has been well preserved and within will be found beautiful rooms charmingly furnished and a notable ceiling in the King Charles' Room.

The owners, Miss S. M. Turner and Mrs. Bone, Canadians, have taken the greatest care in bringing the old house up to date in regard to comfort. Thus central heating runs throughout, bedrooms are comfortable and most have h. and c.

The cooking is appetising country fare and served by neat country staff.

Those who are still forced to take their holidays in the height of the holiday season will be well advised to consider an inland centre such as Chagford, which is well located for Devon as a whole. I have previously mentioned in these columns two of my recommendations, *Gidleigh Park* and *Easton Court Hotels* on the outskirts (details on request), but this week I would like to draw attention to two others, the one in the small market square and the other but a stone's throw down the hill.

To capture the atmosphere of this tiny Devon town one should stay there, and what better spot could one choose from an historic, gastronomical or sociable standpoint than the *Three Crowns*, where Mr. and Mrs. C. E. (Toby) Moy, their Great Dane, Michael, and Joe, a loquacious parrot, form a most friendly quartette.

Above stairs are ten modernly equipped bedrooms, well above the average for an inn. We slept on one occasion in the Abbot's Room and fell asleep, to the music of the bar below, in a most comfortable four-poster bed. An added touch which appealed to my wife was the provision of a jar of soap flakes for washing nylons.

To really appreciate this inn one must be of the type who prefers the sociability of the Long Bar to the seclusion of Residents Lounge. Either this or the cocktail lounge are the correct places to repair prior to lunch or dinner in the *banquette*-fitted restaurant. Here cooking, cellar and presentation are of a high order.

If, however, you prefer the quietude of an unlicensed hotel, I would direct you to *Greenacres*—a substantial-looking white-faced house situated on the Kestor Rock road only 200 yards from the village square.

Facing south and standing on the sheltered hillside, one can watch from its fresh and inviting interior the ever-changing light and shade on Kestor and the surrounding moorland.

Greenacres was acquired in 1960 by a Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Fletcher. The latter, if we may be permitted to say so, is not only charming and attractive, but essentially practical. She realises the importance of supplementing the delight of the countryside by bright bedrooms, most comfortable mattresses, warmth when needed and, throughout the year, interesting and honest English fare (Mrs. Fletcher herself making all sweets and cakes).

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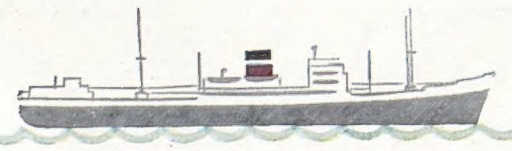

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